

# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES  
VOLUME LXVIII.

No. 3714 September 11, 1915

(FROM BEGINNING  
VOL. CCLXXXVI.)

## CONTENTS

I. Twelve Months of War. <i>By Col. A. M. Murray.</i>	Fortnightly Review	643
II. Russia's Strength and Her Certainty of Ultimate Victory. <i>By A. C. Alford.</i>	Nineteenth Century and After	652
III. The Happy Hunting Ground. Chapter X. <i>By Alice Perrin.</i> (To be continued.)		650
IV. Dostoevsky as a Religious Teacher. <i>By George W. Thorn.</i>	Contemporary Review	665
V. The Poetry of Henry Vaughan.	Times	672
VI. A Man of Peace. Part II. <i>By H. Halyburton Ross. (Concluded.)</i>	Chambers's Journal	677
VII. The Optimist.	Punch	682
VIII. The Anatomy of Pessimism. <i>By Sir James H. Yoxall.</i>	Nineteenth Century and After	684
IX. America and Europe's Victor.	Nation	688
X. Germania Contra Mundum. I. <i>By the Earl of Cromer.</i>	Spectator	690
XI. Herbs and Sages. <i>By Frances Chesterman.</i>	Saturday Review	695
XII. On Fear.	Academy	697
XIII. Arraying the Nation.	Spectator	699

## A PAGE OF VERSE

XIV. To Lessing. <i>By R. R. Morgan.</i>		642
XV. Jeanne. <i>By P.</i>	Saturday Review	642
XVI. Cornish Clay. <i>By Bernard Moore.</i>	New Witness	642
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		702



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET. BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

For SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## TO LESSING.

(May, 1915.)

You do not know it—nay—for if you  
knew,  
Your soul would burst the bounds of  
time and space  
To stand here crying in the market  
place,  
Crying to those who know not what  
they do.  
Of all your country's loving children,  
you  
The best could serve her in her des-  
perate case—  
You whom no power could force to  
aught of base,  
Whose life was but the passion to be  
true.  
Ah to what end your spirit's high  
emprise,  
Schiller's white flame, Goethe's Olym-  
pic calm,  
If after you come men of low surmise,  
Men who belle your truth without a  
qualm,  
Who think to enjoy—God's love!—a  
place in the sun,  
With all around black Hell and faith  
fordone!

R. R. Morgan.

## JEANNE.

A little open window,  
And Flemish fields beyond,  
A red sun in the trees,  
And the whisper of a breeze,  
And frogs all a-croaking in the pond,

O my Jeanne!

You had only just turned ten,  
And I often wondered, when  
You became as old and big as me,  
Whether any thought would hover  
O'er the memory of your lover,  
Who took and dandled you upon his  
knee.

But the years they hurry fast,  
And your childhood cannot last,  
And soldiers go again across the sea;  
And my Jeanne with laughing eyes  
And her looks of sweet surprise  
Will be a phantom in the after years  
for me.

For, child, you'll never heed  
Your beautiful misdeed,

How you thieved from me my heart in  
vain:

Your true, true love will take you,  
And childhood's dreams forsake you  
And the dream of him who'll ne'er re-  
turn again,

O my Jeanne!

A little open window,  
And Flemish fields beyond,  
A red sun in the trees,  
And the whisper of a breeze,  
And frogs all a-croaking in the pond!

Flanders, June 1915.

P.

The Saturday Review.

## CORNISH CLAY.

*Two hundred Cornish clay workers en-  
listed in a body in London recently.*

I reckon the war'll be over soon, for  
another two hundred men

Be gone abroad to 'list in London  
Town;

They've bid "good-bye" to the Menagew  
Stone an' Tre an' Pol an' Pen,  
To change their milky white for  
khaki brown.

At Carclaze Mine the streams 'll run  
an' whiten St. Austell Bay,

At Charlestown Port the boats be  
left to lie,

For another two hundred Cornishmen  
have bid "Good-bye" to the clay,

An' I reckon the Huns 'll know the  
reason why.

I've heerd Lord Kitchener stepped  
along to meet 'em by the train,

An' sez "I'm pleased to see you'm  
lookin' well,"

An' wanted to have a bit of advice  
about the old campaign,

So he marched 'em to the White Hall  
for a spell.

So I reckon the war'll be over soon  
with the men that Cornwall  
sends,

An' Cornwall's One an' All will bless  
the day;

An' when the terrible fightin' in a  
happy peace-time ends

You'll count there's somethin' good  
in Cornish Clay.

Bernard Moore.

The New Witness.

## TWELVE MONTHS OF WAR.

After a year of War the present seems a fitting time to take stock of the existing situation as between ourselves, our Allies, and our enemies. In what condition, in the first place, does Germany find herself after the tremendous efforts which she has put forth? Are her chances of victory better or worse than they were twelve months ago? Are the results which her armies have obtained commensurate with the sacrifices made, and how do those sacrifices compare with those of the other belligerent Powers? Fighting on two fronts at once, and with the advantage of interior lines, has Germany succeeded in so weakening her opponents as to shake the unity of their Alliance, and prepare the way for joint or separate peace negotiations? The German Emperor was recently reported to have said that the War would be over before the winter. Is there any hope of realizing this happy result in the time mentioned, and if so, what is the evidence for so optimistic an expression of opinion? These are some of the questions which it is proposed to examine to-day.

One of the questions can be answered at once without beating about the bush. The Alliance between Great Britain, France, and Russia is stronger, firmer, and closer than it has ever been before. The repeated declarations of M. Viviani,<sup>1</sup> the recent rescript of the Emperor of Russia, the resolute words of Mr. Asquith,<sup>2</sup> are a

<sup>1</sup> "You know what is hidden beneath the brilliant qualities of our race, and that resistance to the most tragic trial wears out neither its body nor its spirit. And if this trial is prolonged, if days of fighting continue one after the other, you know that France is neither weary, nor resigned; that she stands erect with an organized, ardent, and redoubtable Army, sure of conquering with the indomitable Allies who are defending the same cause."—Speech of M. Viviani at the American Chamber of Commerce, Paris, July 5th, 1915.

<sup>2</sup> "We shall fight to the end, to the last farthing of our money, to the last ounce of our strength, to the last drop of our blood."—The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, Guildhall, June 28th, 1915.

public pledge that the Allies will continue the War till the purpose for which they took up arms has been accomplished, and the military power of Germany "finally and fully destroyed." Italy has no written compact binding herself, as the Triple Entente Powers have bound themselves, not to make a separate peace with the enemy, but Signor Salandra's declaration of intention was unmistakable, and he has the whole Italian nation, including Signor Giolitti, behind him. Speaking at Cuneo on July 5th, the latter made a passionate appeal to the patriotism of his Party in the following words: "No sacrifice will seem too great when we reflect upon the result of the War, upon the conditions of peace, and that upon Italy's political situation at the conclusion of the War will depend the future of the nation. Let the attitude of our people signify their firm resolve to conquer at any cost." The War has united Parties in Italy, as closely as in England.

Not only in the United Kingdom, but throughout the Empire, in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, there is a hardening of public opinion in favor of continuing the war till the German reign of terror in Europe has been ended. Germany has thrown down the gauntlet to Great Britain, and makes no secret of her intention, which is to destroy our sea power, and substitute German for British supremacy on the seas.<sup>3</sup> This

<sup>3</sup> Writing last month in the "Tagesszeitung," Count Reventlow, a typical Junker representative, referred as follows to future relations between Germany and Great Britain:—

"The war has proved that no understanding can ever be possible with Great Britain, and Germany cannot accept the position of ruling the world by the side of England. Therefore, we must break the strength of the Island without paying any attention to the possibility of any future friendliness, even long after the war has been terminated. Those who refuse to hate England must be regarded with feelings of contempt and disgust. No other course is possible for true Germans."

is now understood, and whereas the war was at first undertaken by us as a duty towards our neighbors we are now waging it as a duty towards ourselves. So far as they are able to do so, the Germans are attacking us with methods of "frightfulness" conceived in the same spirit as those which they employed so barbarously to reduce Belgium to submission. If we are beaten the fate of Belgium will be our fate, and conscious of this we have at last taken off our gloves, and are preparing with one voice and will for a deadly struggle which will demand the same sustained effort as we put forth in the war against Napoleon. The bombardment of Scarborough, the German air raids on open towns, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the continuation of the submarine war against defenceless merchant and fishing vessels, add daily increasing strength to our determination, not only to conquer, but to punish the authors of these piratical crimes, and secure effective guarantees against the possibility of their repetition.

A notable feature of the existing situation is the growth of the war feeling among the industrial classes of the country. These are some of the utterances of Labor leaders, and they are so expressive of the opinions of those whom they represent in Parliament, that they deserve to be recorded, if only to show that this is a people's war which is being waged to secure the triumph of democratic principles as opposed to German methods of autocratic government. In the debate on the second reading of the Munitions of War Bill, on June 28th, Mr. J. Hodge, Labor Member for the Gorton Division of S. E. Lancashire, concluded his speech with the following declaration:

"In my humble way I have realized the great gravity of the contest in which we are engaged. I realize that it is far better to give up any privi-

leges we possess at the present time than to have no liberties at all; and this would be the case if the Germans were successful."

Again, on July 2nd, when the Bill was being considered in Committee, Mr. W. Crooks spoke as under:

"I have stumped the country since the war began, east and west, north and south, and I have never heard a single word said against the war. What the people say is this: 'Go on, and pull through. The liberties of the common people are at stake.' This is not a Government war; it is not a capitalist war; it is a people's war. We have to look to you—the Government—and loyal will we be when you tell us what you want, but for God's sake do not keep us idle."

Another Labor opinion to be noted is that of Mr. Charles Duncan, Member for Barrow-in-Furness, who, when supporting the second reading of the National Registration Bill on July 5th, made use of the following emphatic words:

"We are faced with the direst necessity that this nation has ever seen, and if we go down in this war it will be very little use talking about liberty and the sanctity of the privileges that we have held in this country. It is because I feel in my very soul that this nation, and this Empire, are fighting for very life, are fighting for existence, that I am in favor of this Bill."

The above quotations from Labor speeches leave no room to doubt the temper of the working classes, who as a body are solid for the war. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Philip Snowden are unable to see eye to eye with their fellow-Members, but then they are not working men, and are nothing more than the academical apostles of State Socialism. Other opponents of the war are too insignificant in numbers and standing to justify any notice being taken of their propaganda.



While this hardening of opinion is noticeable in Great Britain, and, if there were time to show it, in France and Russia also, there is evidence of a corresponding weakening of feeling among the German industrial classes, who are beginning to tire of a war which they now realize can bring them neither gain nor glory. The manifesto of the Executive Committee of the German Socialist Party, which was published in the *Vorwärts* on June 26th, may be said faithfully to represent the opinions of the bulk of the lower classes in Germany, who acquiesced in the war when it was declared, not from any desire for it, but because they had been hypnotized by the evil spirit of Militarism which took possession of the German people after the successful war of 1870-71, and has been worshipped as a national fetish for the past forty years.

"We raise anew the sharpest protest against all efforts and declarations in favor of annexation of any portion of a foreign country, and the suppression by force of another people, as suggested in the speeches of certain political personages. The mere expression of such a policy pushes further and further off a realization of the fervent desire for peace. The people desire no annexations. The people desire peace. In the name of humanity and culture, supported by the bravery of our men in arms, who have created a favorable situation, we demand of the Government that it shall announce its willingness to enter into negotiations for peace in order to make an end of this bloody struggle."

The publication of the manifesto led to the suspension of the offending journal for a period of five days, but the views of the Socialist Committee are on record, and indicate a loss of faith in German invincibility. This being a war, not of armies, but of nations, it is more necessary to know what the people think than what their rulers

want, for without their support the military machine would sooner or later fall to pieces. Hence the significance of the manifesto, which is a first step towards national repentance, and the repudiation of force in its application to a conquered nation.

Turning now to the military situation we find that, in spite of some untoward appearances, it is wholly favorable to the ultimate success of the Allies. When the Emperor of Germany, choosing his own time, decided for war a year ago, he relied on the magnitude and perfection of his military organization to carry out the plan of campaign which he and his Staff had elaborated with an industry and forethought worthy of a better cause. His plan was to beat France first and Russia afterwards, and then, turning on Great Britain, to deal with her in the same way. The plan was upset from the first by the intervention of Great Britain. With his eyes blinded by the phantom of world-power the Emperor assumed that we should commit the same mistake which his great-grandfather, Frederick William III., committed in 1805 when he looked on, while Napoleon defeated his friends whom he refused to assist. His blundering diplomacy saved Europe from the fate awaiting her. Quick to appreciate the position, with the approval of the Cabinet and nation, Sir Edward Grey took a decision as momentous in consequences as it was correct in inspiration. Instead of waiting for the attack to come when it suited Germany to make it he met the approaching danger with a declaration of war, and then contracted with France and Russia to make no peace except by joint agreement. Ready at sea, we were unready on land, but this did not deter us from immediate action. The Fleet was forthwith set in motion, and in a few weeks the seas were swept clear of the enemy's ships, and Ger-

many was cut off from intercourse with the outer world. Though we had no national army approaching the strength of Continental armies we had, in the Expeditionary Force, an efficient advanced guard of not more than 150,000 men, but just as thoroughly organized as the immense German army, and, being composed of seasoned soldiers, it was superior in fighting strength to any of the Emperor's troops. This little army, insignificant in numbers, but perfectly trained and of undaunted spirit, was sent to France and given the post of honor on the left flank of the Allied line. What took place is fresh in the memory of all who recall to mind those anxious days of August, 1914, when the German armies broke through Belgium and started on their march to Paris. It is no slur on our gallant Allies to say that it was Sir John French's "contemptible little army" which saved the military situation by preventing the left flank of the Allies being rolled up, and giving time for General Joffre to fall back on his reserves.

The ignoble outburst of German hatred of Great Britain, always latent but purposely suppressed, dates from the battle of Mons, when four British divisions held up a German army of three times their strength, striking it with heavy blows, and when overwhelmed by superior numbers, fighting a succession of rearguard battles back to the valley of the Marne. Then it was that the Emperor began to realize that we meant to attack him by land as well as by sea, and that in bidding for hegemony in Europe he would have to reckon with the armed strength of the whole British Empire. Thenceforward fear took the place of contempt, and the sense of approaching failure found an outlet in those many official and private expressions of anger which have fallen into British hands through the medium of captured

prisoners of war. The "blind wild beast of force" was still there, raging with impotent desire, and maddened by disappointed lust, but with clipped claws, and with its power to do evil weakened beyond hope of recovery.

Another cause which contributed to the failure of the German plan of campaign was the unexpected military preparedness of the Russian army. The German General Staff counted on getting a six weeks' start in France before the Russians would be able to advance from their concentration rendezvous behind the Bug. The Emperor expected to be in Paris on September 1st, and in Warsaw on October 1st, and in order to carry out this programme, as laid down in the time-table prepared by his Staff, he sent the great bulk of his first line and reserve corps to the Western frontier of Germany in order to deal the French an irrevocable blow of such crushing force as to put further resistance out of the question.<sup>4</sup> To everybody's surprise, and much to the mortification of the Emperor, a Russian Army under General Rennen-kampf's command crossed the frontier of East Prussia during the first week of the war, while the Grand Duke Nicholas's main army advancing from the Bug reached the line of the Ivan-gorod-Lublin-Cholm railway before the Austro-Hungarian concentration in Galicia had been completed. The Russian invasion of East Prussia compelled the Emperor to detach troops to the

<sup>4</sup> According to French official reports, out of 25 first line, and 33 Reserve Corps, which the German Staff mobilized within the first fortnight after declaration of war, 21 of the former and 22 of the latter were sent to the West along with 8 Landwehr Corps, giving a total of 51 corps in all. Reckoning cavalry and troops for the lines of communication, Germany had not less than 2,500,000 men on her Western frontier at the end of the third week in August, as against 1,500,000, which were all the French Staff were able to bring into the field to repel an immediate attack. Owing to uncertainty as to the direction from which the attack would come, the French plan was to concentrate Reserve Armies at certain rendezvous considerably in rear of the frontier, and this was done; but these Armies were not available for the front line when the Germans launched their attack through Belgium.

East just when they were most wanted for the campaign in the West, and when we look back on the share taken by Russia in the early part of the war we must not forget to give credit to the Grand Duke for his first invasion of East Prussia, which in spite of the disaster at Tannenberg, helped to take the pressure off Paris, and did its part in compelling the German armies in France to retire from the Marne valley.

It is correct to say that when the German armies were driven from the Marne to the Aisne last September the ultimate issue of the campaign was prospectively decided against them, for it is an old military axiom, as true to-day as it always has been, that when a commander once relinquishes the initiative he can never recover it. Since the middle of September the German armies of the West have been standing on their defence, counter-attacking the Allies whenever necessary to prevent their line being pierced, local commanders here and there trying to obtain a tactical success, but without any attempt being made to resume the strategical offensive, which at the opening of the campaign enabled them to overrun Belgium, and the northern provinces of France, before the Allies were ready to oppose them. The battle of the Marne is in this sense the most decisive battle yet fought, for it put an end to the further invasion of France, saved Paris from occupation, and took it out of the power of the Emperor to dictate a treaty of peace, without which his plans of conquest fell to the ground. What he did was to substitute for his plan of attack a plan of defence, which has for its object to make use of conquered territory for the purpose of bargaining for peace. This plan, like his first, is doomed to failure, for no bargain can be struck till the Germans have retired from both France

and Belgium, and found refuge behind their own Rhine frontier. "So long," said Sir Edward Carson, when speaking for the Cabinet at Guildhall on July 9th, "as an enemy soldier continues on French, Belgian, or Russian soil no question of peace can enter into the thoughts of any honest, patriotic, and courageous man in this country. It is our primary duty towards our Allies to see this matter through with them, and we will at whatever cost."

Falling in the West the Germans during the past three months have been concentrating effort in the Eastern theatre of war, where the Russians, after conquering Galicia from Austria, were threatening Hungary with invasion. Unless Germany came to the rescue of her ally it was uncertain whether the alliance between the two Central Powers, which had been shaken by the early collapse of the Austro-Hungarian armies in Galicia, could be maintained, and it was even suggested that Hungary might follow Italy's example, and denounce the treaty which linked her to Austria, for there is no love lost between Magyar and Austrian, and the Dual Monarchy holds together not for the common purposes of political development, but solely for mutual defence. Then again the Balkan States were watching the course of events in a state of armed neutrality which might at any moment be changed into active intervention on the side of the Allies. For these reasons it was important for Germany to secure a military success against Russia, and this accounts for the tremendous efforts which she made during the winter and early spring months, to

<sup>5</sup> Equally decided were the words of the French Prime Minister when speaking in Paris on April 14th:—"So long as it is necessary to fight, France will fight. In common with her Allies, she will not contemplate the idea of peace until together with them she has driven the aggressor from the soil of Belgium, regained her own territorial integrity, and by a joint effort freed Europe from Prussian militarism."

prepare for the invasion of Galicia and Russian Poland. Owing to these efforts the Germans have won a temporary success, but the wastage of life has been out of all proportion to the gains obtained. Heavy as the Russian losses have been, those of the Germans must have been heavier, for they have been advancing and attacking while their opponents have been retreating and defending. The Russians claim, and probably with truth, that during the months of May and June the Germans lost more than 250,000 killed and wounded men, besides the prisoners who fell into their hands. Russia for the moment has lost Galicia, but the Germans have gained no Sedan. Their battles have all been Pyrrhic victories. The Grand Duke Nicholas always avoids decisive contests. He keeps in position long enough to compel his adversary to deploy his forces, and he then retires protected by his rear-guards. He has repeated these tactics, not once, but continuously during the year's campaign, and the skill with which he manoeuvres his armies is beyond all praise. There is no more difficult task for a commander than to withdraw his army from the battle line without committing it to a decisive encounter, but this is what the Russian Generalissimo has done with unflinching success. The Germans are no nearer their goal than they were twelve months ago, but on the contrary are day by day receding from it, for our fifth ally, Time, is beginning to assert its influence, and in another year will be the dominant factor of the gigantic war problem which is being fought out in Europe.

Surprise is sometimes expressed because the German line in the Western theatre of war is still practically intact, in spite of the vigorous offensive onslaughts which have been directed with such superb *clan* and heroism by our French Allies, and in a lesser de-

gree by our own brave troops, against various points of the enemy's front. If the Germans were able to drive the Russians out of Galicia, why cannot the British, French, and Belgians combined drive the Germans out of France and Belgium? It is known that German troops were taken from the West to strengthen General Mackensen's Army in the East. Surely this was the opportunity for the Allies to undertake that "big offensive" which Mr. Belloc promised we should see in the spring, but which has never yet taken place. The spring has gone by, the summer is passing away, autumn is approaching, and the winter is looming in the near distance with the hideous horrors of the trenches over again. Why has there been no offensive? The Allies will never get a better chance than they have let go by, for when the Germans have finally disposed of the Russians, Mackensen will counter-march his victorious "phalanx" to the West, and hack his way to Paris, or, what will be worse for us, to Calais and Dunkirk.

There is no difficulty in answering pessimistic criticism of this kind, for it is uninformed, non-observant, superficial, and not based on a correct appreciation of the situation as it exists. It is all a question of guns and munitions. "It is only their artillery," writes a correspondent from the trenches, "which is saving the Germans. Take that away, and let the infantry fight, and the war would soon be over." This is the literal truth. Mackensen's success on the Dunajec river at the beginning of May, and subsequently in his advance through Galicia, was due to his having brought up an overwhelming mass of heavy and light guns against the positions occupied by the army of General Demetrius. Without those guns, and the ammunition required for their service, his "phalanx" would never have



hacked its way to Przemysl andemberg, and it is because there is a difficulty in transporting artillery without the aid of railways through the southern part of Russian Poland that he and the Archduke Joseph Ferdinand have been held up for so long within a day's march of the Ivangorod-Lublin-Cholm railway. If Sir John French's artillerymen had been supplied with a sufficiency of ammunition on May 9th the Germans would not now be in La Bassée, and Lille would be in British occupation. As it was the French offensive north of Arras was not supported by a correspondingly sustained British attack south of the Lys river, and the German line, though pushed back, is still unbroken. Big battalions are now as necessary as ever, but they must be supported by big batteries, or their efforts will be wasted. This is the great lesson of the war, and without going back on the past it is satisfactory to know that we and our Allies have not only learnt it, but are rapidly taking steps to apply its teaching to the future conduct of the campaign.

If this war had been fought out a quarter of a century ago the Germans would before now have been driven behind their frontier, but the development of science has so strengthened the power of the tactical defence that when a position has once been won it can be defended much more easily than it can be captured. Machine guns and magazine rifles have revolutionized tactics. The Germans owe their initial successes to the numbers of their guns, and especially of their machine guns, even more than to the numbers of their men, and the perfection of their organization. Multiplication of machine guns has enabled them to defend the positions they won last October, but not to attack the positions in front of them. Herein lies the weakness of their situation. An invading army cannot stand still indefinitely:

it must either advance, or retire, and the latter alternative is the one which the Germans will have to face, not perhaps to-day, nor to-morrow, but so soon as the Allies have obtained a preponderance in the ammunition supply necessary to break down the enemy's resistance. This is what Mr. Churchill meant when he spoke the other day of Time as one of our most powerful Allies.

How do the rival belligerent nations stand to-day after twelve months' war as regards comparative resources available for carrying on the struggle? Economics had better be left out of consideration. When the war broke out financial experts declared that, cut off from the outside world, Germany would be a bankrupt State after six months of fighting. Twelve months have passed away, and there is no immediate indication of exhaustion. The time must come when economic pressure will have its say on the duration of the war, but it has not yet arrived. With regard to numbers of men, numerous calculations have been made by various authorities, but they cannot be said to be even approximately trustworthy, or worth much more than guess work, so difficult is it to get information, so carefully do nations conceal numerical statistics of strength and losses. Germany is the main factor of the problem because the war was the result of her aggressive policy in Europe, and when her resources are exhausted it will come to an automatic end. A carefully considered estimate of German military strength was given in the French official review, which was published last April, and which put the numbers of German troops in organized formations fighting on both fronts on January 1st, 1915, at 4,000,000. The definite loss after five months of war, and after deducting from the casualty list those wounded men who were fit to rejoin



the colors, was put down at 1,300,000, or 260,000 a month, and it was assumed that this rate of wastage would at least be maintained during the rest of the war. The total permanent loss up to date would consequently be 3,120,000. According to the German official recruiting returns there were 9,000,000 effective men of fighting age available for mobilization, and after subtracting the permanent losses from this number, there remain 5,188,000, of which number 4,000,000 are in the field. This only leaves 1,188,000 men for new formations, and to replace casualties, which means that in rather more than seven months from now there would be no men left in reserve, and the field armies would gradually dwindle away till they were too weak to continue resistance.

The above calculation is probably correct up to a certain point, but it is too optimistic, for it takes no account of men above and below the fighting age (20 to 40), and we know that the German Staff are using large numbers of boys under 20, and elderly men up to the age of 60, and have even called out all their retired officers under the age of 65. As the male population of Germany amounts to 32,000,000, and everyone, whatever his age if physically fit to do so, is required either by law or by official pressure to take up arms, it follows that an addition must be made to the figures of the French official reviewer, bringing the total number of men available on an emergency up to perhaps as many as twelve instead of nine millions. The quality of the men will of course depreciate as the war continues, but in the German Army quality counts for less than in other European Armies, owing to the superiority of the German *matériel*, which discounts the defects in the *personnel*.

The French losses have not been officially published, but a few days ago

an unofficial estimate of casualties was given by the Committee of the French Relief Fund, the number of killed being returned as 400,000, the permanently disabled 700,000, and prisoners 300,000, amounting to a total loss up of July 1st of 1,400,000 or in round numbers 127,000 a month. This is less than half the German loss, but the Germans are fighting on two fronts, and the French only on one, while German tactics are more wasteful of life than those of our Allies. We have been told officially by the French Government that on January 15th last there were 2,500,000 men in the fighting line, and half as many again in the depots, since when 500,000 men of the present year's class have been called out, while more than a million of men of varying ages have come forward as volunteers. Deducting permanent losses the above figures show that the present effective strength of the French Army is 4,000,000, and if the wastage continues at the present rate France can go on fighting for another twelve months without any weakening of the units in the field. There are no men available for fresh formations, but General Joffre has told us that the field cadres (2,500,000) are sufficient for the purpose either of offence or defence, and he has no intention of adding to them.

Very little is known about the present strength of the Russian Armies in the field, and all that can be said is that Russia's resources in men are practicable inexhaustible. At the beginning of the war out of a male population of 85,000,000 the Russian General Staff had on their registers as many as 32,000,000 men of the fighting age. Of this number only some 3,500,000 had been fully trained, but this was a year ago, and there has now been time to train as many more men as the Staff have considered necessary in view of the unexpected strength and prepa-

rations of the German Army. The Russian losses have been very heavy, and are probably nearly equal to those of the Germans on both fronts, but the Grand Duke Nicholas never seems at a loss for reinforcements to replace the wastage in his field armies, and so far as Russia is concerned the war can continue indefinitely, or at any rate long after the time when the Central Powers are completely exhausted.

Great Britain is still only putting her armor on, her policy since the Napoleonic War having been, not to attack her neighbors, but to defend herself, and for this purpose, as an island Power, all she required was a strong Navy for the protection of her shores and commerce, and an Expeditionary Force which could be used as an advanced guard to seize and hold strategic points till there was time to raise an army of sufficient strength to fight on the Continent. This was the basic principle of Imperial Defence as laid down by the Committee charged with its consideration. There has been a great deal of uninstructed talk about the mistake we made in not listening to Lord Roberts when he asked for a Home Defence Army of a million strong. If we had only had such an army, say the critics, Belgium would never have been invaded, and the Germans would long ago have been driven behind their frontier. As to this it is to be noted that Lord Roberts only asked for a local army to defend England from invasion—a task which is being effectively performed by the Navy—and he always protested against the suggestions of his opponents that he wanted his army for service abroad. In any case, no British Army, however strong, could have saved Belgium from being overrun by the Germans, who had for years past made preparations to go through the country as soon as war was declared.

Our War Office and Admiralty, working together, succeeded in landing five divisions of the Expeditionary Force in France, but not till after Liège had fallen, and Brussels had been occupied. To have landed an army quick enough, and large enough, to have met the Germans coming through Belgium during the first fortnight in August would have been an impracticable task, as is well known to all who are acquainted with mobilization details.

How do we stand for men? Setting aside our oversea Dominions, all of which are now preparing to put forth their whole strength, out of the male population of the United Kingdom alone, which amounts to 22,000,000, there are nearly 8,000,000 men between the ages of twenty and forty. Of this number we have not yet mobilized 3,000,000, and after striking off 2,000,000—a very conservative estimate—as physically unfit for military service, or as otherwise employed on industrial work for the war, there remain, on the lowest computation, 3,000,000 young men who are still available for the colors as soon as Lord Kitchener is ready for them. The British losses up to June 1st in the two Expeditionary Forces fighting under Sir John French and Sir Ian Hamilton respectively were stated by the Prime Minister to be 50,000 killed, 54,000 missing, and 154,000 wounded. Assuming that half the wounded have already returned, or will return, to duty, these figures show the total permanent loss, after ten months' war, to be 181,000 men, or, in round numbers, 18,000 a month. The wastage will increase as the armies increase, but supposing it to be double, or even treble, what it has been, it is obvious that when we compare losses with resources we can continue the war just as long as is necessary to accomplish the purpose for which we took up arms. What we have to look at is that Germany, by reason

## 652 *Russia's Strength and Her Certainty of Ultimate Victory.*

of the perfection of her organization for attacking her neighbors, has been able to put forth the whole of her fighting strength during the first year of war, while we have only been getting ready for battle. As Lord Kitchener pointed out in his speech at the Guildhall on July 9th, German resources are continually decreasing while ours are continually increasing.

The Austrian casualties have not been published, but we know them to have been very heavy. There are more than 700,000 Austrian prisoners of war in Russia and Serbia, and the permanent losses in killed and wounded have been estimated at a million and a half. Every available fighting man is being called out by the Austrian Staff, but, except the Germans and Hungarians, no one has his heart in the war. Considering the losses already incurred, and the prospect of an increase in the number of deserters as the war goes on, it is unlikely that Austria-Hungary will start on her second year's campaign with a greater effective force than 3,000,000, which is the number of men already mobilized in Italy. As has been already pointed out, the continuation of Austrian resistance depends on that of Germany.

*The Fortnightly Review.*

We may look at the war as we will, yet so far from indulging in doubts, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves on results. We have cleared the seas of the enemy's ships. Britannia rules the waves. The Germans have lost all their colonies except one, and that is closely blockaded. In the Dardanelles we are slowly but surely destroying Germany's dream of Asiatic dominion. World power has fallen from her grasp, and fallen beyond the hope of recovery. In Europe her offensive has been stopped, and her armies pinned. Hegemony is out of the Emperor's reach. What successes he has obtained are not owing to his claim to conquer, but to the double life which he and those around him have been living, professing friendship, and all the time secretly preparing to stab us in the dark. So great duplicity is without parallel in history. We are fighting, neither for territory, nor for power, but for the cause of the oppressed against the will of the strong. The knowledge of this will give us strength to win, and hereafter it will be written over the graves of those who have fallen that they saved others, but themselves they would not save.

*A. M. Murray.*

---

## RUSSIA'S STRENGTH AND HER CERTAINTY OF ULTIMATE VICTORY.

Since that time, now over ten years ago, when the eyes of the whole civilized world were turned upon the spectacle of Russia's so-called "down-fall" in the Russo-Japanese War, the attention of the people in this country had been so taken up with what may be called the German menace that they failed to observe the efforts made by Russia towards improvement, not only from a naval and military point

of view but also from an economic and administrative standpoint.

Indeed, it is only since the outbreak of the present War that the average Englishman's attention has been directed towards the Russian Empire at all, and it has become the popular theory (chiefly because it is so stated in the daily newspapers) that sheer weight of numbers, believed to be at the disposal of the Tsar, will eventually

drive the Germans and Austrians back. Russia will not, however, be victorious because of the numerical strength of her armies—though numerical superiority is bound to tell ultimately—she will be victorious because she has prepared for this War by taking to heart the lessons learnt in her former unsuccessful struggle against the Japanese and because the improvement in every condition of life throughout the Russian Dominions since that war has been both stupendous and far-reaching.

The majority of people, knowing little about the real facts of the case, felt quite satisfied that Russia had been put back twenty years by her unsuccessful campaign in the Far East, besides being financially crippled by the overwhelming disaster that had overtaken her; but there were a few who foresaw that this rude "kicking" would be a blessing in disguise, and was indeed the very impetus that was needed to rouse Russia from the state of lethargy, corruption, and misgovernment into which she had fallen after nearly thirty years of an ill-spent peace.

First of all, let us consider what Russia *is* before we go on to an inquiry as to what she has been and is *doing*.

Russia is the second largest empire in the world, but she has this tremendous advantage over the British Empire, that she is no piecemeal empire with colonies scattered all over the world, but an absolutely compact, consolidated one, stretching unbroken from west to east, and peopled by men and women of one race, speaking one language, and holding, in the main, one religion. She is in fact the greatest territorial unit in existence, the bulk of whose population have similar ideas and similar aims, and, above all, a burning and unquenchable love for their great and powerful country.

The population of Russia to-day is

about 170 millions, of whom 140 millions inhabit European Russia. The yearly increase is nearly three millions, so that if this increase is maintained Russia will boast over 200 millions of inhabitants by 1925.

One of the most remarkable events that has taken place in the past decade and one which will have the most far-reaching results has been the rapid and systematic colonization of Siberia. Whether the mineral wealth and agricultural richness of Siberia were first realized when the Russian armies were living in Manchuria, or whether Russia awoke to the fact after the war, when the strengthening of Northern Manchuria was taken in hand, it is impossible to say; but the fact remains that Russia has definitely undertaken the opening up of her Siberian provinces, the first proof of which is her gigantic emigration scheme, and the second the building of (1) the Amur Railway, a line 1500 miles long and now completed, running through Russian territory from Chita, near Lake Baikal, to Kharbarovsk, where it joins the existing line to Vladivostok; (2) the Altai and Troitsk railways in Western Siberia; and (3) the South Siberian Railway, which is to run from Orenburgh through Akmolinsk and Semipalatinsk to join the Trans-Siberian Railway at Krasnoyarsk, and so open up the extremely rich mineral and agricultural districts in Russian Central Asia.

With regard to emigration, it is estimated that the numbers settling in Siberia in 1912 exceeded a million, and so rosy are the prospects there, so much is done by the Government by regulating the flow of emigrants into the proper channels, by giving grants of land, by instituting cheap fares on the Trans-Siberian Railway, and so on, that the number returning to European Russia has been reduced to about 4 per cent.



## 654 *Russia's Strength and Her Certainty of Ultimate Victory.*

With regard to Siberia itself, gold, silver, platinum, copper, and iron are found both in the east and west, the finest copper being obtainable from the region of the Altai Mountains and in Turkestan, coal in all the regions at present exploited, while the extent of the timber areas cannot be estimated. Dairy produce is rapidly attaining a magnitude undreamt of ten years ago, and in this connection it must be remembered that most of the butter that comes to this country marked "Danish" is, in reality, Siberian butter. Some idea of the increase of dairy produce may be obtained by a consideration of the fact that in 1895 the output amounted to about 300,000L., while in 1910 it had risen to over five and a half millions sterling. Vast areas throughout Siberia are capable of agriculture, while cattle and pig breeding are increasing rapidly. The Ussuri district, in the extreme east, is believed to be one of the most fertile territories in the world. The International Agricultural Exhibition held in Omsk, a town of growing importance, is one of the indications of the economic awakening of Siberia.

But it is not only in Siberia, from which country Russia will undoubtedly obtain the bulk of her wealth in the near future, that this great development has been taking place in the years since the war with Japan. The conditions in European Russia have been steadily improving, and a great deal of this improvement can be directly traced to the untiring efforts of the members of the Duma.

The Russian soil is constantly giving better results and promises a material expansion and development such as Europe has never seen on so large a scale, and which may be compared only with the astounding development in North America. Agriculture furnishes the means of existence to about three quarters of the Russian people. It is

estimated that Russia grows 51 per cent of the rye, 33 per cent of the barley, 25 per cent of the oats, and 22 per cent of the wheat harvested all over the world. In 1895 its production amounted to about 400 millions, but fifteen years later it had risen to 900 millions sterling. The same enormous increases are apparent in the sugar, vegetable and fruit industries.

New deposits of coal have recently been discovered within sixty miles of the Caucasian Black Sea Coast. This coal is claimed to be equal to the best Welsh anthracite coal, and the mines are so extensive that English engineers have declared that they will ultimately furnish enough hard coal for the whole of the Russian Empire.

Oil, which is assuming greater importance every day, thanks to the introduction of oil fuel for ships, is found extensively on either side of the Caucasus Mountains. Apart from the oil already extracted at Baku, there is a reserve area variously estimated at from 1000 to 2700 acres. One well in this district produced twenty-two million kilos. in a single day—more than all American, Roumanian, and Burmese wells put together. Two new fields are now being worked at Malkop and Grozny, and other wells are being examined in Russian Central Asia.

Among the innumerable other signs of economic progress, it may be mentioned that Russia's foreign trade increased from thirteen and a half millions sterling in 1900 to 250 millions sterling in 1911, while in the same period her manufactured goods increased in value from 205 to 307 millions sterling.

Far from being materially and morally disastrous therefore, the Russo-Japanese War has been the very spur that was needed to rouse Russia and start her on a new road of enlightenment and progress.

Apart then from naval and military



preparations, which will be discussed later, it must be acknowledged that a great change for the better has taken place throughout the Russian Empire; the fact that Russia from the first took up a firm stand with regard to Austria's intended punishment of Serbia shows that she felt absolutely sure of herself, and although Germany fully realized that Russia had been making great efforts during the past ten years to put her house in order, she must yet have been deceived as to Russia's firmness (indeed the German Ambassador told his Government that Russia was bluffing and would not go to war, as is definitely stated in the British "White Paper"), and believed that Russia would "climb down" at the last minute, as she did in 1909 when Austria-Hungary annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. In this Germany made a serious mistake, as Russia intended from the outset to prevent her Serbian kinsmen from being crushed, and definitely informed both the German and Austrian Governments that she *would* go to war on behalf of Serbia.

Now let us turn to a consideration of Russia's military strength, and from a knowledge of the fighting powers of the Russian armies, which were taught invaluable lessons in the Manchurian battlefields, deduce the prospects of success that she has against her present adversaries.

During the past decade Russia increased her active army by no less than ten army corps (twenty divisions), and was contemplating a further increase of three army corps before the outbreak of war. She had in all thirty-seven army corps and twenty-six cavalry divisions when war broke out, disposed as follows:

	Army Corps	Cavalry Divisions
European Russia . . . .	27	21
Siberia . . . . .	5	3
Turkestan . . . . .	2	—
Caucasus . . . . .	3	2

In addition to the above the Russian war organization admits of the formation of twenty-seven extra reserve divisions.

Some comparison may be obtained between the Russian and German armies, *at the outbreak of war*, when it is stated that the German army war strength amounted to twenty-five army corps, eleven cavalry divisions, and reserve and Landsturm formations. The reserves which Russia can ultimately draw upon far exceed those which Germany can hope to place in the field (the population of European Russia *only* being more than double that of Germany), and though at the present time her enormous superiority in cavalry can avail Russia little, it is probable that this arm will make its weight felt in the final stages of the War.

As to the present dispositions of the Russian forces no reliable information is of course available. At the outset Russia probably concentrated the four armies of Petrograd, Moscow, Vilna, and Warsaw against the German frontier between Cracow and Koenigsberg, the fortress of Warsaw being the centre of this concentration; while the armies of Kiev and Odessa, and possibly also that of Kazan, faced the Austrian army east and south of Cracow. The three Caucasian army corps, perhaps supplemented by one corps from Turkestan, are engaged with the Turks, and it is more than likely that some of the first-line Siberian troops have been transported to the western frontier.

It would be well to remember that, thanks to the lessons learned in the Russo-Japanese War, the training of the soldier has undergone a great change for the better and, to those who studied the Russo-Japanese War closely, it will come as no surprise or far-fetched statement when I affirm that the fighting qualities exhibited by

the Russian private soldier in a lost and unpopular cause were such as to call forth our greatest admiration and praise, and only serve to make one realize what he may be capable of in a war much to his liking. Above all, the immense advantages given to the Russian Army by eighteen months' war experience, such war experience, moreover, as no other European army had undergone for the past forty years, are incalculable.

In the Russo-Japanese War the Russian Armies suffered from many disadvantages and difficulties, the three principal being (1) the supply of men, ammunition, and stores along a single line of railway over 3500 miles long; how the Russians overcame this difficulty is now a matter of history, and was one of the most marvellous military achievements that has ever been recorded, and should indeed have warned the Teutonic Powers that the Russian mobilization would be a great deal quicker than was supposed to be possible. (2) The failure of the higher command, due partly to an antiquated system and insufficient peace training, and partly to interference by the authorities at home with the strategic plans of the Commander-in-Chief, and (3) the fact that the war was unpopular, and led to discontent and ultimately to open revolution in European Russia.

To-day conditions are entirely changed. As regards supply and transport the difficulties are infinitesimal now as compared with those the Russian Transport Department so successfully overcame ten years ago. The Russian retreats during May and June were not due to bad transport organization (though lack of good railway communication always increases the difficulties attending the supply of food, ammunition etc. to large masses of men) as is proved by the fact that very little booty was left in the hands

of the advancing Austro-Germans. The Grand Duke's handicap has been the same as ours—want of ammunition and equipment and heavy guns.

Again, the present leaders of the armies are tried men who have had experience in handling vast bodies of men *in war*, an experience to which no other Generals in Europe could lay claim prior to the present campaign. Interference with military requirements is not likely to be felt, for the objective is now offensive instead of defensive. In the Japanese War Port Arthur was the magnet which caused the Russian Armies to be split up into small bodies instead of being concentrated, and so each army in turn was crushed by superior forces. Kuropatkin's plan was to leave Port Arthur to fight its own battle, concentrate every available man at Liaoyang, and there await the onslaught of the enemy; but no, the Russian Government decided that Port Arthur must be relieved at all costs, and so the Russian strength was frittered away in futile attempts to reach the beleaguered fortress, a policy that could but end in disaster. In this war there is no Port Arthur, unless Berlin can be called Port Arthur. The purpose of the Government, the purpose of every officer and man in the army, the purpose of the entire nation, is a whole-hearted purpose—to smash the Teuton and dictate terms of peace from the Kaiser's palace at Potsdam.

Lastly, to consider the question of the popularity of the war.

At the time of the Russo-Japanese War the Germans were in high favor in Russia, while the English were disliked and mistrusted, an attitude which had been maintained since the days of the South African War, upon which the Russians, in common with most European nations, looked with great disfavor. German opinion was readily taken as to the prospects of

success in a campaign against the Japanese and as readily given. German officers had been responsible to a great extent for the training of the Japanese Army, and therefore the Germans could give advice better than any others. Moreover, many officers of German extraction held high commands in the Russian field armies. But note the sequel. The Russians were beaten, and they began to look about for someone upon whom to fasten the blame. The result was, I think, a natural one. Germany had advocated war, Germany was responsible for its unfortunate ending. Before the peace treaty had been signed a tremendous revulsion of feeling swept over the Tsar's dominions, and the greatest detestation of everything German became manifest throughout every class of society, rich and poor. Whether the fact could be proved or not, the Government gave it as their opinion that Germany had purposely advised Russia to go to war in order that her military power might be weakened, and that she should no longer be a menace to the furtherance of Germany's plans for the domination of Europe. Curiously enough, too, the British were suddenly pitchforked into high favor, so that a complete change of front was apparent as long ago as 1906. During the past eight years the smouldering fires of hate against the German people have been constantly fanned, and the extraordinary wave of patriotic feeling that passed through Russia at the time of the crisis in July 1914 was due, I believe, not so much to the desire to help Serbia as to a knowledge of the fact that a declaration in favor of Serbia would mean also coming to grips with the hated Teuton.

That the war is popular in Russia no one can deny. Russia to-day stands a united people with that grim determination to carry this war to a successful issue which is characteristic

of the best qualities of the Russian nation. The retirement from the Carpathians, the loss of Przemyśl and Lemberg, the evacuation of the Bukovina, all these have but served to strengthen the determination of this great people to persevere to the bitter end, be the cost what it may.

There is, however, one other powerful factor which adds tremendous moral force to the fighting strength of the nation. This is the personality and the influence of the Tsar. We have heard much of the Kaiser's claim to his position as the "chosen of God." In Russia the Tsar is looked upon and acknowledged as a demi-god by the lower classes, who form the bulk of the army, and even by a fair proportion of the upper. The enthusiasm engendered by the presence of the Tsar among his soldiers must be seen to be understood by the people of this country. The assassination of the Tsar at the present juncture would be the greatest blow that Russia could possibly receive, and we must devoutly hope that the few fanatical madmen who might contemplate such a deed will be deterred from the attempt by the knowledge that they would be torn limb from limb should they accomplish it.

Russia is united, the war is popular, the Tsar is hailed as the very incarnation of all that Holy Russia stands for. Could ever a nation wage war with greater moral backing?

As regards material, the Russian private soldier is physically equal, and, in the majority of cases, superior to the average infantry soldier of any European nation. He is brave, dogged to a fault, cheerful, obedient, well clothed (I have seen it stated that he is the best clothed soldier in Europe), and easily fed; although illiterate, he is both quick and resourceful and, above all, loyal to the core. In the Turkish and Japanese Wars he ex-

hibited qualities that place him in the first rank with the finest fighting men in the world. Finally the number of men that Russia can ultimately put in the field is almost incalculable. Some have placed it as high as 20,000,000, but I doubt if half this number can be equipped and supplied with the necessary quota of field and heavy guns. Whatever the number may be, however, it must be remembered that it is the *reserves* who have had modern war experience in Manchuria, and that the first-line troops, therefore, will not be weakened by being reinforced with reserves, as may be the case with other European nations.

The withdrawal of the Russian Armies into their own territories during the months of May and June will undoubtedly lengthen the campaign in the East by many months, but it certainly has not affected the morale of the Russian soldiers. Moreover, the Austro-German victories will effectually prevent the Russian commanders from falling into that greatest of all mistakes—a mistake from which they suffered so heavily and from which they never really recovered in the Manchurian campaign—underestimation of their enemy, and we may be sure that when the Grand Duke finally issues his orders for a general advance he will only do so when he *knows* he has everything at his disposal to guarantee a successful issue. Russia takes her lessons to heart, and it is said of her, as of the bull in the bull-fight, that she is never deceived twice in the same way.

As regards the entry of Turkey into the conflict, heavy losses in trade, owing to the closing of the Black Sea, must necessarily be felt, but this can only be regarded as a minor consideration. From a military standpoint the situation on Russia's Western frontier has been entirely unaffected by Turkey's action; the Army in the

Caucasus has proved itself strong enough more than to hold its own without necessitating the withdrawal of large forces from Poland or Galicia; while, on the other hand, the moral effect of the operations in the Dardanelles throughout the whole of the Tsar's dominions is incalculable. Russia sees in the near future the dawn of one of her most cherished dreams and will wait with patience, but with ever-growing enthusiasm, for the hour to strike when Constantinople shall be freed for ever from the power of the Turk.

As in the Army, so in the Navy, many improvements and changes in training, with resultant increase in efficiency, have been carried out since the disastrous battle of the Sea of Japan. The death of Admiral von Essen, the reorganizer and trainer of the new Baltic Fleet, must have been a great blow to the Russian Navy, but he has left his influence and his example behind him, for even the small action off Gothland at the beginning of July seems to bear the impress of his guiding hand.

As regards naval strength, Russia is mistress in the Black Sea. The only fighting ship of any real value at the disposal of Turkey is the *ex-Goeben*, and she is already reported to have been badly damaged in an action with the Black Sea Fleet. Russia has three super-Dreadnoughts building in the Black Sea, and these must now be nearing completion. Of submarines the Russians possess eleven at Sevastopol, so that even in this latest naval engine they have superiority in numbers, as the Turks possess none but those reported to have been sent in sections from Germany.

The Baltic Fleet is by no means a negligible quantity, and may yet cause the Germans many heart-burnings. Apart from pre-Dreadnought battleships and armored cruisers, of which



there are nine of good fighting value, four large super-Dreadnought battle-ships were launched in 1911, and it is more than probable that we shall hear of them before the winter again sets its seal upon the Baltic in December. The Germans must necessarily leave a very considerable force in the Baltic to cope with raids by the Russian Fleet.

Russia's strength is, however, in her  
The Nineteenth Century and After.

Army, and those who know the Russian nation, realize the enormous strides she has made since the war of 1904, and consider the fighting qualities of her soldiers, their certainty of victory in a popular war, and their love for their country and their Tsar, have no doubt that the Grand Duke Nicholas will ultimately lead his victorious troops through the streets of Berlin.

A. C. Alford.

## THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

BY ALICE PERRIN.

### CHAPTER X.

Severn only stayed a few days in the station. His hand was healing well, and he declared that weeks of work awaited him in distant quarters of the district. To Mrs. Wendover's regret there had been no advance in friendship between her niece and Mr. Severn—rather the reverse, for the girl deliberately shunned him, and he made no effort to approach her. Rose's hopes, that had been quickened by his question as to whether she imagined any girl would care to marry him, seemed never likely to be realized. Yet she suspected that a little amiability on the part of Caroline might have led to most desirable results. She observed that when Carol spoke he listened; when she moved he followed—with his eyes. Once when the girl dropped a flower from her belt Rose saw him pick it up, and she thought he meant to put it in his pocket, but after obvious hesitation he let it fall again.

The day his camp was struck Mrs. Wendover was giving one of her periodical At Homes for badminton and tennis. This week everybody happened to be in the station, so that for Ranapore the gathering was large. As was their usual custom, the Watts trio

came early, for Colonel Watts was as vigorous a tennis player as his daughter, and his stout figure in thick flannels, encircled with a crimson cummerbund, was conspicuous at every party. He and Stella were inclined, unless skilfully frustrated, to annex the best partners, seize upon the smoothest court, and hold it for the afternoon. A railway engineer and two sets of "canal people," with a young assistant, followed; the American missionary and his wife brought all their children, a camp of wandering officials passing through the station on inspection tour had accepted Mrs. Wendover's invitation; and of course there were Mr. Stafford, and the roads and buildings party, and Mr. Mahomed Ishak, the native assistant magistrate, a Moslem gentleman of excellent repute. Mr. Maturin made a noisy and impressive entrance in his motor-car, a second-hand machine of rather ancient pattern, but it was the only one in Ranapore, and as such was much respected.

The judge was clothed for tennis, but for some reason he refused to play, and the reason soon became apparent. He desired to talk with Caroline, and he sat beside her nearly all the afternoon, ignoring Walter Stafford's efforts to dislodge him. Caroline was



passive. Since the evening of the concert she had felt her purpose slacken—the emotion that the melody had re-awakened in her heart had left her listless, also half-ashamed that she should scheme to marry anyone who asked her while the memory of Falconer still so held her in its grip. Her distant demeanor towards Mr. Severn had been greatly due to this, and she felt glad that he was going away this evening. Mr. Stafford was of small account in such respect, she found his nonsense rather a relief; and, as yet, it had not occurred to her that Mr. Maturin might harbor serious intentions. To her he appeared quite old; that he was a widower made him seem older still; his baldness and his beard aided her delusion, as well as his frequent references to his late wife, and the time when he intended to retire. In reality he was not much more than forty-five, but he had a ceremonious air, and his favorite recreation was the study of ants and their habits.

He was talking now of the mistake so many people made of remaining out in India once they could afford to leave the service.

"You lose touch with your friends and relatives at home if you stay out too long," he impressed upon Miss Gordon. "I have always made a point of going home for all my leave for that very reason. Luckily I can afford to do so. I intend to build a house when I take furlough next year, and let it till my time is up. What part of England would you recommend, Miss Gordon?"

Caroline said she really did not know—that with the exception of occasional visits to seaside places she had always lived in London.

"What about Cheltenham?" put in Mr. Stafford. "I believe it is full of old Indians, and that they all keep up their relative civilian rank."

This flippant remark had no effect

on Mr. Maturin, apparently he did not even hear it.

"I might buy a house in London," he went on reflectively. "I always had rather a fancy for London myself, but my late wife's idea was to live in the country and keep fowls."

"How exciting!" said Mr. Stafford.

The mention of fowls somehow led round to the subject of ants, and Mr. Maturin proceeded to propound his theory that ants in former days were largely utilized in native surgery, instead of thread, to close the sides of wounds.

"Ants of a particularly powerful species were made to bite the closed edges of a cut," he explained, "then their bodies were immediately severed, and the head and jaws remained as stitches."

He addressed himself exclusively to Caroline, but Mr. Stafford leaned forward attentively on the other side, refusing to be banished from the conversation, and made pointless interjections. Caroline began to feel weary, and yet inclined to laugh. Mr. Stafford was so silly! She wished that either he or Mr. Maturin would leave her; but they refused to join in the games, and once when Caroline got up to change her seat, with some excuse about the sun being in her eyes, they both followed her. Mrs. Watts, of course, was greatly shocked. She told Mrs. Arpen, the missionary's wife, that she "should not care to see her Stella carry on like that," but Mrs. Arpen was not interested. She could talk of little else this afternoon but the iniquities of her new *masalchi* (scullion), deploring the departure of his predecessor, who, she kept repeating with regret, "was such a splendid dish-washer."

It was John Barker who unwittingly relieved his mistress from her tedious situation. Under a chair he had discovered a straw hat belonging to one

of the Arpen children, and, unnoticed, he had torn it to shreds. He betrayed himself by racing in triumph across the lawn with a fragment of the brim flapping from his mouth. The owner of the hat pursued him, howling, and the other children streamed behind, interrupting a close finish to a tennis set, and all but causing Colonel Watts a serious fall.

Mrs. Arpen gathered up the remnants left beneath the chair, tearfully announcing that it was little Joseph's new hat, received only yesterday, "by V.P.P., from Calcutta."

The hostess hastened forward, apologetic, vexed; she said the puppy was impossible, and told her niece with some impatience that he must either be kept tied up or given back to Mr. Stafford.

Eventually the culprit was run to ground by Caroline beneath her bed, and the room resounded with his shrieks when she chastised him. Then remorsefully she picked him up, and he leapt to lick her face in fatuous adoration, bearing her no mite of malice.

Poor little John Barker, he was so soft and young and idiotic, and he loved her so devotedly already. Caroline did not want to give him back to Mr. Stafford, yet she could not bear the notion of his being imprisoned in the sweeper's house. She cuddled him against her cheek in weak forgiveness, as she carried him into the back verandah to hand him over to the dog-boy, that he might do no further damage for the present.

She lingered on the steps, and found the quiet rather welcome. She felt glad to be alone, reluctant to rejoin the strenuous little crowd on the far side of the bungalow. The day was closing, the hard sunlight had grown softer, with a mellow hue. A wide peace spread across this quarter of the compound, and the refreshing sharp-

ness that in the Indian winter seems to lie in wait for the departure of the sun had already taken hold upon the air. The girl stood very still, even the puppy in her arms had ceased to lick and wriggle, and John Severn, coming from the stables, where he had been arranging for the accommodation of a lame pony during his absence, thought her like a lovely living picture. He had intended to be present at the party to play badminton, or croquet-golf, or tennis, as he might be needed, for he felt he owed that much at least to his kind hostess on his last day in the station. He had delayed his start on purpose till the evening. But duty had proved heavier than usual, and he had not been free till now—with only time enough to say good-bye before he rode away.

He walked towards her gravely, hat in hand. He half expected she would turn aside, make some excuse to show him that she did not want his presence, but instead she smiled, and told him John Barker was disgraced, that he had ruined little Joseph Arpen's new hat.

"He looks very happy, all the same," said Severn.

Then there was a pause. Each felt uncertain of the other. To Severn, Caroline had never seemed so pretty, so engaging. Her sweet brown eyes shone kind and soft beneath the broad brim of her hat, the color of her cheeks and lips was exquisite. . . . To his memory the morning on which he had seen her first returned afresh with almost painful vividness—her sympathy, her help, her girlish diffidence, the roses, and the freshness of the early Indian day. Then between them there had arisen that indefinable barrier, due, of course, to his own unhappy faculty for "putting people off," and now, when there really seemed a chance of better understanding, he was going away for weeks. Still, if he could only

ascertain that she did not actually dislike him, it would be something to take away with him—the vision of a girl's eyes, kind and sweet, a word or two of gentle favor, a hint, perhaps, of pleasant intercourse to come.

He put out his hand and gently touched John Barker's paw. "I wish you would be friends with me, Miss Gordon."

There was a wistful cadence in his voice, but as he spoke he did not look at her. Neither did Caroline look at him, for unaccountably, tears gathered in her eyes, and she bent her face to the dog's soft head to hide them. For so long had she been holding down her feelings, sharing her heart-heaviness with no one; and now, all at once, it seemed to concentrate and threaten to defeat her; and why, why should it do so now, at this moment, just because a man she hardly knew, and did not even like, had asked her for her friendship? She felt enraged, embarrassed, helpless. Because she did not speak he raised his eyes, and saw her struggle for composure, and Caroline was conscious that he saw it. He moved away a pace or two, and Caroline felt grateful for his silence. Some men might have made airy, conventional remarks to cover, with an ostentatious tact, any feeling of confusion, but this man gave her time, and there was no pretence about his kind consideration. She forgot she had not answered his request for friendship, as in haste she searched her mind for some reasonable excuse for her behavior, and in a moment found one. She looked up boldly, smiling through her tears.

"I'm afraid I've got to part with John Barker," she said, with plaintive voice; "he's so naughty and disobedient, and he's always doing something wrong. My aunt has lost all patience with him!"

She perceived, to her relief, that he

believed her false excuse. He stepped again towards her, and his face was all concern and sympathy, no longer puzzled and distressed. He looked, she thought, as he might have looked at a child that was about to lose some favorite toy—sorry and indulgent.

"Why not let me take him into camp?" he suggested hopefully. "I would train him and look after him, and bring him back to you a model of obedience. You see, I shall be away probably till Christmas, and that would give him lots of time to learn not to interfere with other people's property. He'd be very happy—that I could promise you. Dogs like me," he added, with a little laugh that held apology, "though human beings haven't always shown the same good taste!"

She hesitated, then she said, in charming confidence: "But what about Mr. Stafford?"

"You needn't tell him!" was Severn's calm proposal. "He's going into camp himself to-morrow."

The small conspiracy amused them both.

"If you are sure you won't mind," said Caroline; she knew the little dog would profit by his experienced rule. "It's very good of you. Thank you ever so much. Will you take him now?" She held the puppy out to him.

John Severn tucked John Barker under his arm. Lightly he said: "Good-bye, Miss Gordon, in case I don't see you again before I start."

And then she watched him cross the compound, taking a direction in avoidance of the gathering on the far side of the house. Her heart reproached her. How horrid she had been to him. She knew that he was lonely, she guessed he was not happy, and beneath his armor of reserve she felt there lay a straight and honest nature. She had caught a glimpse of it this evening, and now she would miss his silent presence. She was sorry he was

going; perhaps, when he came back they might understand each other better. Yet, supposing he could know of the intention she had had towards him, would he not despise her?

Before he passed behind the screen of plantain trees and oleanders that hid the servants' quarters, he stood a moment, looking back. Aloft he held John Barker in farewell, and the orange glow of sunset shone on the dog's white coat and the man's lean, brown face, before he turned and disappeared.

Severn's camping led him far from metalled roads and railways, among scattered tribes of jungle people, to remote rude villages, as well as through more thickly populated areas. It was a varied district, bounded by two mighty rivers, broken by the ancient range of lower hills that herald the Himalayas—"The Necklace of the Snows." At one time he would be traversing close tracts of cultivation, well tended by their sturdy Jât proprietors, the independent race that dared defy the Mogul power. At another he would cross unfertile wastes and scrubby jungle, brushwood, and tall grass merging into forest; deep ravines and swamp, and watercourses choked with boulders that in the rains were raging torrents. Places where wild elephants would lurk around the camp at night, and a tiger's rough, hoarse call would sometimes shake the stillness.

Severn revelled in the work, the sport, the scenery, the pleasant solitude. He had come from less diversified surroundings—flat, endless vistas of bare country, monotonous and drab, patched with peaceful hamlets encircled by their crops—no contrast, no relief—where big game was practically absent, and smaller sport was ruined by the soldiers from cantonments. There the hot weather fell upon the plains like an all-devouring

furnace, fierce and scorching, and the air was dim with heat and dust, while yet the light was blinding, so intense that it would suck the very color from the flowers. Then the violence of the rains—with no restraint of hill or forest, straight on to the gasping, burning land, as though dropped in solid volume from a vast, gigantic cistern; and the intervals of damp, relaxing heat, the floods, the fever, and the pestilence among the people. Again, the ill too short cold weather, with its chilly mists at dawn and sunset, and the strenuous work for ruled and ruler, when the jaded system rallied and stored up vigor for the trying months to come.

The change to wilder country, to different types of peasant, to hill and gorge, and woodland and ravine, and unexpected contrasts in the landscape, filled Severn with new life; and, in addition, there had crept into his heart another element of stimulation, though as yet so nebulous, so vague, that he barely recognized its claim. Sometimes in the morning, when he rode beneath the canopy of monstrous trees, the sunlight slanting sharply through their branches, the silence only broken by his pony's hoof-steps muffled in the dust, there would come to him a sudden looking forward, a little stir of pleasure, when he thought of his return to Ranapore. And in the evening, when his work was over, petitions heard and dealt with, disputes investigated, disagreements settled, he would take his gun and call the dogs; but often stroll as in a dream and fire no shot, though partridge, hare, and quail might start up at his feet. A sense of radiant repose would fall upon him that was unfamiliar yet uplifting; he ceased to brood, to dwell on trials in the past, as if a long endurance of some burden had been at last relieved. He did not analyze the feeling, he accepted it and welcomed the refresh-

ment to his spirit, only conscious that life to him seemed kinder, the sky more blue, the scents and sounds of India more entrancing.

It was not till just before the time of his return to Ranapore for Christmas that he understood the meaning of the change within him, and John Barker was the cause of this awakening.

The little dog had answered readily to discipline. Now he was obedient, quick to recognize the tones of Severn's voice—a faithful, plucky little person, with a conscience that betrayed him when he fell from good behavior and interfered with shoes, and office files, and such-like tempting objects. Severn he adored, and he was wisely deferential to the other dogs, attempting slavishly to imitate their ways.

One evening, just as Severn started for a saunter, rather late, John Barker darted after him, snowy white, fresh from soap and water, brush and comb, wild with jubilation because his tub was over just in time, while the other dogs were wet and wretched in the sweeper's clutches still.

The camp was resting in a little open space that shelved towards a stony river-bed, a grove of trees behind it, and not far distant was a huddled village, showing ragged roofs of thatch that leaned on crumbling walls of broken brick; perhaps the remnants of some prosperous settlement that long ago had been defeated by the jungle. Now a few feeble crops fought up through sterile soil, and wild, gypsy-looking people straggled out agape to watch the sahib pass by, unattended save by a small white dog that ran ahead and barked and danced, and routed groups of naked children, who fled shrieking in alarm.

Severn walked quickly, for the evening air was sharp. The sun was sinking dusty-red on the horizon, and overhead the birds were flying

home. A wedge of wild geese passed above him—he could hear the strong beat of their wings and their sonorous chant—he put his stick up to his shoulder in pretended aim as though it were a gun. Then, as the rose flush turned to purple in the sky, and the warm reflection that in India turns so swiftly into darkness fell upon the earth, Severn went back towards his camp. John Barker ran ahead, and all at once from out a clump of thorns and grass there shot a yellow streak, a long, lithe form, that with a bound had seized the dog and disappeared across the path. One sharp, short cry, a crashing in the bushes, and then silence—John Barker had been taken by a leopard.

Loudly shouting, and without a pause, the man gave chase in the hope that, scared, the animal might drop its prey. As he ran, the vision held his mind of a girl standing on the steps of a verandah, a small white dog nestled to her cheek, and sorrow in her sweet brown eyes because she did not want to give away her pet. . . . He knew pursuit was hopeless, also rash, that by now the dog was dead; yet, driven by the memory of Caroline, he pressed ahead, still shouting, till a low and sickening sound that issued from a patch of densest jungle made him halt. He beat the bushes with his stick, and there came a vicious answering snarl; he stopped and peered, and saw a patch of white, low down in the covert. He stretched to reach it, and the leopard sprang.

All that Severn could remember after, when he stood in the dim light unhurt, on open ground, a limp and bleeding little body in his arms, was a growl, a crash, a rush of something heavy above his head and shoulders. Then the sound through tangled jungle of a swift retreat that lasted only a few seconds. His stooping position may have saved him; or perhaps the



leopard purposely sprang over him, in fear, for an unwounded animal will seldom charge unless at bay, and the leopard is notoriously more cunning than courageous.

But the risk had been undoubted, and Severn, as a sportsman, knew that he had behaved with more foolishness than judgment in recovering John Barker's little corpse. Of course, he should have waited till the morning, and gone out on an elephant to beat the leopard up. True, he could do so still, but the brute might not return to that vicinity at once, and Severn's camp was due to march next day.

The night had fallen when he reached his tents, and lamps were burning, but before he changed his clothes he made a grave by lantern-light beneath a tree. He placed John Barker in it, and covered him with stones that the jackals should not find him and scatter his remains.

Severn stayed up late that night. Long after the noisy start of carts and camels for the next day's camping-ground was over he sat and smoked, and thought, gazing straight before him, meeting in his mind the simple truth—that he had risked his life this

evening for a dog, because the dog belonged to Carol Gordon, and he thought she loved it. He knew now why the sky had seemed so blue, the earth so fair—the reason of the sweet and strange impatience in his heart.

When at last he went outside he paused before he passed into his sleeping-tent, for moonlight, sharp and clear, lay over all the scene before him, casting black fantastic shadows, glistening on the sand and boulders in the dried-up watercourse, enveloping the jungle with a white, mysterious radiance. The silence and the desolation pierced his soul with sadness; his dream, once recognized, seemed empty, hopeless; he told himself he had no chance, that to think of Carol Gordon as his wife was futile. He had better not go back to Ranapore, where every meeting with her would only make things harder. And even if, in time, he dared to let her know he loved her, and she should ever give him hope, there was a barrier between them that nothing but a girl's devotion could possibly remove. Was it likely that a man of his description would inspire such a love?

(To be continued.)

### DOSTOEVSKY AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER.\*

It has frequently been made a reproach to Dostoevsky that he deals only with the darker and more terrible experiences of life. He has been represented as a morbid psychologist probing with uncanny skill the festering wounds of maimed and mangled souls. Sometimes it has been more than hinted that the epileptic attacks,

\* Five volumes have now been issued of Mrs. Garnett's complete translation of Dostoevsky's novels (Heinemann, 3s. 6d. each net). "Everyman's Library" also includes five volumes of his works. The "letters" have been translated by Miss E. C. Mayne (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. net). All quotations in this article are from these volumes.

from which he constantly suffered, had undermined his sanity, and that he had become incapable of seeing anything in the world but crime and tears. All such criticism, however, fails to recognize the fact that Dostoevsky is not a "novelist" merely, but one of the world's great masters of Tragedy. Like the supreme creations of Greek dramatic genius, Dostoevsky's works portray the terrifying adventures of the human soul as it fathoms the depths of suffering and sin. It is only

under such extreme circumstances that the utmost possibilities of our nature can be tested, and it is just at this point that all spiritual resources of faith or hope the soul possesses stand revealed. Here lies the power of tragedy to convey some of the profoundest lessons of religion—a power which Dostoevsky recognized and used as unmistakably as Æschylus or Sophocles.

This aspect of Dostoevsky's work is not always appreciated, even by his most enthusiastic admirers. They dwell on the intense, and often painful, interest of his stories; his marvellous insight into the most secret recesses of the soul; his vivid pictures of Russian life, and his penetrating studies of Russian character. But they frequently fail to perceive the truth which the author toils and travails to bring forth. That Dostoevsky himself was fully aware of this blindness is perfectly clear from various references in his *Letters*. Writing towards the close of his life, he says:—"In those frequent and grievous moments wherein I seek to judge myself, I come to the painful conclusion that in my works I never have said so much as the twentieth part of what I wished to say, and, perhaps, *could* actually have said. My only refuge is the constant hope that God will some day bestow upon me such inspiration and such power as are requisite to bring to full expression all that fills my heart and imagination. . . . Even in what I *have* written there is much that came from the very depth of my heart . . . Though I have received much recognition . . . still the critics . . . have always spoken of me so lightly and superficially that I am obliged to assume that all those things which my heart brought forth with pain and tribulation, and which came directly from my soul, have simply passed unperceived."

What these things "which came directly from his soul" were, cannot be doubted by anyone who reads his principal works in the light of these *Letters*. Writing of the great story which was to be the crown of his life's work—but of which only the first part was completed (*The Brothers Karamazov*)—he said:—"The fundamental idea which will run through each of the parts is one that has tormented me, consciously and unconsciously, all my life long: it is the question of the existence of God." This is the tremendous question which creates the tragedy of life as Dostoevsky sees it and paints it. "I think all my life of one thing. God has tormented me all my life," says Kirillov in *The Possessed*. For this Nihilist, disbelief in God, by a process of remorseless reasoning, ends in suicide. "I am killing myself," he explains, "to prove my independence and my new terrible freedom." Such is Dostoevsky's view of the logical outcome of atheism. His own conclusion on this soul-torturing question is indicated in the dying words of Stephan Trofimovitch, in the same story:—"God is necessary to me, if only because He is the only being whom one can love eternally."

It is, however, in his portrayal of Ivan Karamazov that Dostoevsky comes to closest grips with the problem. Ivan holds that the existence of God is one of those questions which are "utterly inappropriate for a mind created with an idea of only three dimensions." And so he is willing to accept God, but he will not accept this world of God's. It is the suffering of mankind that is his difficulty, and to state his argument at its strongest he describes the sufferings of innocent children tortured by infamous monsters in human form. He cries for justice, "and not justice in some remote, infinite time and space, but here on earth," so that he can see it for

himself. If he is offered a distant heaven where everything shall be resolved into eternal harmony, the unatoned sufferings of a single little child are too great an entrance-price for him to pay, and he "respectfully returns God the ticket." In this way he arrives at a thorough-going materialistic philosophy. But at last his theories break down under the practical test to which they are put by the valet Smerdyakov. This man is really Ivan's half-brother, and he has imbibed his views. Carrying them to their logical conclusion, he argues: "If there's no everlasting God, there's no such thing as virtue, and there's no need of it." The result is that he robs and murders his father, and at last hangs himself. Ivan's brain reels under the shock, and a severe illness follows, from which it is evident he would have emerged with a radically different view of life, had the second part of this great work been written.

Ivan Karamazov's passionate rebellion against the injustice of the world carries us directly to the battlefield on which Dostoevsky fought for his faith and won the victory. He dared to face all the facts of life as they are at their worst. He walked with steady step and open eye through a world of epileptics, drunkards, thieves, harlots, profligates, and murderers. Yet he never failed to perceive the soul of goodness in things evil; he never doubted the power of suffering to purify; and the more he sounded the depths of human misery the higher rose his faith in God.

Like all who have any real message for the world, Dostoevsky first learned through costly experience the truth he sought to teach. The turning-point of his life came at the age of twenty-seven, when he was arrested with other members of a revolutionary club, condemned to death, reprieved on the scaffold, and sent to Siberia for four

years' hard labor, to be followed by another four years' service in a Siberian regiment. The quarter of an hour which elapsed between the death sentence and the reprieve, of which he has given a vivid description in *The Idiot*, exerted an ineradicable influence on all his after life. Neither for this experience, nor for that of the eight years which followed, did he ever show anything but gratitude. Writing to his brother after his four years' hard labor, he says:—"I won't even try to tell you what transformations were undergone by my soul, my faith, my mind, and my heart in those four years . . . I now have many new needs and hopes of which I never thought in other days." In the same letter he shows that this transformation had affected his whole outlook on human life and character. Speaking of the robber-murderers in the prison, he writes:—"Believe me, there were among them deep, strong, and beautiful natures, and it often gave me joy to find gold under a rough exterior." The marvellous insight he gained, during those four terrible years, into various types of Russian character, and especially into the wretched existence of the common people, is abundantly evidenced in that masterpiece of prison literature, *The House of the Dead*, and, indeed, in all he afterwards wrote. Referring to a fellow-prisoner, a man of his own social standing, Dostoevsky remarks, "He was sour, embittered, and mistrustful . . . the man had a closed soul, closed to everybody, and he made you feel it." It was precisely the reverse with Dostoevsky. His sufferings opened his soul to all: they inspired him with the passion of pity and love.

His best-known work, *Crime and Punishment*, is the supreme instance of Dostoevsky's power to enter the soul of another and feel all its anguish. The agony through which Raskolnikov

passes, after he has murdered the pawnbroking old woman and her sister, is described with terrifying power. Not less powerful is the revelation of the souls of some of the other characters in the story, especially that of Sonia, the poor girl who has been goaded by her mother's reproaches into selling her chastity to obtain bread for the family, but who, nevertheless, maintains a simple faith and a true purity of heart. It is the love of this girl that redeems Raskolnikov, the murderer; and one moving episode in the story describes how he bends to kiss her feet, and says:—"I did not bow down to you, I bowed down to all the suffering of humanity." No words could better describe Dostoevsky's attitude in all his books; he is always on his knees before the suffering of humanity. And he discovered that through the experience of compassionate love to mankind he became more sure of the reality of God.

But Dostoevsky did not reach the full height of his faith without other aid. One memorable passage in the novel just referred to describes Sonia reading to Raskolnikov the gospel story of the Raising of Lazarus. It tells how the emotion with which her body trembled as she repeated the familiar words, and the note of triumph which rang in her voice as she came to the account of the miracle, revealed the source from which she had found strength and consolation in her terrible need. So it was with Dostoevsky himself. Familiar with the Gospel from his earliest childhood, it had become unspeakably precious during those four years in the Siberian prison, when no other book than the New Testament was allowed him. It was here that he found the solution of the problem of suffering in that "Being who gave His innocent blood for all and everything." In a letter written shortly after his release from impris-

onment he makes confession of his faith:—"I believe that there is nothing lovelier, deeper, more sympathetic, more rational, more manly, and more perfect than the Saviour; I say to myself, with jealous love, that not only is there no one else like Him, but that there could be no one. I would even say more—if anyone could prove to me that Christ is outside the truth, and if the truth really did exclude Christ, I should prefer to stay with Christ and not with truth." Twenty years afterwards he put the latter words into the mouth of one of the characters in *The Possessed*, and every novel he wrote is an expression of the same essential faith.

With his intense spirit of nationalism Dostoevsky imagined that his conception of Christ was peculiarly Russian, and again and again—in his letters, his novels, and his great speech at the unveiling of Pushkin's monument—he expresses his conviction that the Russian people is the one "God-bearing" nation, and that her ultimate destiny is to make known the Russian Christ for the salvation of lost humanity. It may be granted that there are elements prominent in the Russian character which are necessary to a true understanding of Christ, and that therefore Russia may have a great part to play in the future in interpreting Him to the world. Nevertheless, the Christ in whom Dostoevsky believed and whom he so confidently preached as the hope of mankind is not "the Russian Christ," but the Christ of the New Testament. It was there that Dostoevsky found Him, not in Russian life nor in the Russian Church. It is true he was a loyal member of the Orthodox Church, but there is no evidence that he was ever greatly influenced by her. Baron Wrangel, who was his intimate friend during the years spent in the Siberian regiment, says:—"He was at heart re-



ligious, though he rarely entered a church; the popes, and especially the Siberian ones, he could not stand at all. Of Christ he would speak with moving rapture."

The most complete and characteristic expression of all that Dostoevsky's conception of Christ involved is to be found in *The Idiot*. Speaking of this book, he says:—"The basic idea is the representation of a truly perfect and noble man," and perhaps no other figure in imaginative literature approaches more nearly the Christlike ideal than Prince Myshkin, the hero of this story. Like Dostoevsky himself, he is subject to epilepsy, and in his early life he has undergone a prolonged course of treatment in a private asylum. To this fact he owes the nickname of "The Idiot." When the story opens he has almost completely recovered his health, but his long seclusion from intercourse with ordinary society has left him with an unusual naïveté and childlikeness of spirit. The men and women of the world whom he meets at first treat him as an object for their patronage or a butt for their jests. They soon feel, however, that in his noble simplicity of mind and boundless trustfulness, he is utterly beyond them all. Under the influence of his transparent goodness the souls of men are laid bare, and everything that is false and unreal is stripped from them. All the selfishness and sordidness, which have been masked by artificiality and convention, are revealed. And if there is any shy and fugitive goodness, lurking in the recesses of a heart corrupted by worldliness of vice, it is infallibly brought to light. Though he moves in a world of scoundrelism and vice, he does not lose faith in men or compassion for their suffering and sin. His truthfulness and simplicity are stronger than all the cunning and fraud which are used against him: his meekness and

love vanquish all the hatred and enmity which he has to face. He believes that "compassion is the chief law of human existence," and that "it is a crime to imagine anything base" of anyone. Some critics have sneered at the book as a fantastic attempt to adapt the character of Don Quixote to modern conditions, but no reader with sympathetic insight will deny that the author has come very near realizing his purpose "to represent the Absolute Beauty" which he confessed was manifested once for all in the "infinitely lovely figure" of Christ.

It was to this Christ-ideal that Dostoevsky looked for the salvation of his country from all the evils that afflicted her. Though in his early days he had been enamoured of revolutionary ideas, his attitude completely changed during his imprisonment, and all through his after life he passionately opposed the "liberalism" of the time, especially as it manifested itself in Socialistic and Nihilistic propaganda. His attitude towards the exponents of these theories—who generally denied God and dethroned Christ—is shown in the passion of hatred which frequently blazed out against one of the most prominent of them, the great literary critic, Byelinsky. He never forgave this man for once having "reviled the Saviour" in his hearing.

In his novel *The Possessed* he concentrated his whole strength on an indictment of Nihilism, so tremendous and scathing that it seemed to be a gross exaggeration until events were subsequently brought to light which proved the truth to be more amazing than his fiction. The title of the book and its message are explained very clearly at its close. Stephan Trofimovitch, a dilettante adherent of the "higher liberalism," whose son is the leader of a party of revolutionary Nihilists, lies dying. There is read to him, from St. Luke's Gospel, the story

of the expulsion of the demons into the swine. A new light flashes upon the words that had so often been a stumbling-block to him; he sees in them a parable of the state of Russia and his own and his son's relation to her. "You see," he cries excitedly, "that's exactly like our Russia, those devils that come out of the sick man and enter into the swine. They are all the sores, all the foul contagions, all the impurities, all the devils, great and small, that have multiplied in that great invalid, our beloved Russia. . . . But a great idea and a great Will will encompass it from on high, as with the lunatic possessed of devils, and all those devils will come forth, all the impurity, all the rottenness that was putrefying on the surface, and they will beg of themselves to enter into swine; and indeed, maybe, they have entered into them already! They are we, we and those, and Petrussha and the others with him, and I, perhaps, at the head of them, and we shall cast ourselves down, possessed and raving, from the rocks into the sea, and we shall all be drowned—and a good thing too, for that is all we are fit for. But the sick man will be healed, and will sit at the feet of Jesus, and all will look upon Him with astonishment." There we have the heart of Dostoevsky's message with regard to all questions of social reform and political reconstruction.

One other conviction of Dostoevsky's must be mentioned in any study of his religious teaching, and this may well be expressed in the words of Father Zossima, the saintly elder of the monastery described in *The Brothers Karamazov*. "No one can judge a criminal until he recognizes that he is just such a criminal as the man standing before him, and that he, perhaps, is more than all men to blame for that crime. . . . If the evil doing of men moves you to indignation and

overwhelming distress, even to a desire for vengeance on the evil-doers, shun, above all things, that feeling. Go at once and seek suffering for yourself, as though you were yourself guilty of that wrong. Accept that suffering and bear it, and your heart will find comfort, and you will understand that you, too, are guilty, for you might have been a light to the evil-doers, even as the one man sinless, and you were not a light to them. If you had been a light, you would have lightened the path for others too, and the evil-doer might, perhaps, have been saved by your light from his sin."

This conception of the solidarity of the race in its responsibility for evil, and therefore in its need of purification by suffering, is fundamental to Dostoevsky's outlook on life, and it sprang from his wonderful knowledge of the human heart. He realized the terrible possibilities that lie hidden within the soul of every man. Alyosha, the young monk, who, after Prince Myshkin, is the noblest of Dostoevsky's characters, awakes to the consciousness that he has inherited from a family of drunken sensualists the taint of impurity, and shrinks with shame from the revelation of his own nature as he cries:—"I, too, am a Karamazov!" Even Lise, in the same story, an impulsive invalid girl, living a sheltered and luxurious life, confesses to the "craving to destroy something good," and maintains in self-defence that "everyone loves crime."

Dostoevsky was always painfully aware of this inner duality of spirit, and saw in it the occasion of the tragedy he so powerfully and continually portrayed. The naked horror of the situation is vividly set forth in one of his earlier and less important works, *Letters from the Underworld*. Here we are given a terrible confession of baseness and debauchery from a man who, nevertheless, loved "the

great and beautiful." "At times," he says, "I would suddenly plunge into the lowest depths of foul, dark—well, not so much debauchery as lewdness, for at that time my passions were keen, and derived all the greater heat from the aching, perpetual discontent with the world of which I was full: and to these bouts there would succeed intervals of hysteria which would throw me into convulsions of weeping. . . . Constant depression seethed within me—a depression which, causing me to thirst for something different, for some sharp contrast, plunged me into vice. . . . Stealthily, and by night, I used to indulge in solitary rounds of dissipation, but always with a timid, blackguardly, shamefaced sort of feeling which never deserted me, even in my moments of greatest abasement. . . . Always, too, I had a great dread of being seen, or met, or recognized by any one." Is such a delineation of a soul, driven by its shameful memories to unsparing self-castigation, to be attributed wholly to the insight of genius, or had the artist any experience of his own which furnished him with the sombre colors of his picture? An answer to this question is suggested by a letter Dostoevsky wrote to his brother, about the time he was engaged on this book, in which he says:—"I do live in a very disorderly way, and that's the truth! . . . My health is utterly shattered. I am neurotic and dread low fever. I am so dissolute that I simply can't live decently any more."

After the transforming experiences of his trial and imprisonment, there is no hint of any relapse into such irregularities as those to which this letter seems to point, but we can well believe that there were turbulent and passionate tendencies in Dostoevsky's nature which gave him a very real sympathy with the characters he created. Besides this, his intercourse

with his fellow-prisoners in Siberia made him acquainted with many criminals whose fall was brought about by the sudden uprush of hitherto unsuspected impulses of lawlessness, and he thus describes their type in *The House of the Dead*:—"A man lives calmly and peacefully. His fate is a hard one, but he puts up with it. He is a peasant attached to the soil, a domestic serf, a shopkeeper, or a soldier. Suddenly he finds something give way within him; what he has hitherto suffered he can bear no longer, and he plunges his knife into the breast of his oppressor or his enemy. . . . When once he has passed the fatal line, he is himself astonished to find that nothing sacred exists for him. He breaks through all laws, and gives himself boundless license." One instance of this sudden impulse to commit crime, founded on actual fact, is related in *The Idiot*. Two peasants—elderly men and old friends—took tea together at a small provincial hotel, and then went to bed in the same room. One of them noticed, for the first time, a silver watch his friend was wearing. He was by no means a thief, and was a rich man, as peasants go; but this watch so fascinated him that he took a knife and cut his friend's throat, crossing himself as he did so, and saying earnestly, "God forgive me, for Christ's sake!"

Such knowledge of the latent evil in the hearts of men, gained by introspection and observation, colored Dostoevsky's whole view of human nature, but he believed profoundly that by the Divine discipline of suffering the soul could be regenerated. An illustration of this conception is afforded in Mitya Karamazov's passionate speech to his brother on the eve of his deportation to Siberia for a crime for which he had been wrongfully condemned. "Brother," he says, "a new man has risen up in me. He was hidden in

me, but would never have come to the surface if it hadn't been for this blow from heaven. . . . What do I care if I spend twenty years in the mines breaking out ore with a hammer? I am not a bit afraid of that—it's something else that I am afraid of now: that that new man may leave me. . . . We are all responsible for all. . . . I go for all, because some one must go for all. I didn't kill father, but I've got to go. I accept it. . . . We shall be in chains, and there will be no freedom, but then in our great sorrow we shall rise again to joy, without which man cannot live nor God exist, for God gives

*The Contemporary Review.*

joy." Here, in the doctrine that each is responsible for all, that suffering is a purifying discipline, and may be vicarious as well as personal, and that through such a discipline man may find God, is Dostoevsky's answer to the riddle of the ages. The words he put into the lips of Father Zossima may be taken as summing up his message to mankind:—"Brothers, have no fear of men's sin. Love a man even in his sin, for that is the semblance of Divine Love, and is the highest love on earth. . . . Loving humility is marvellously strong, the strongest of all things, and there is nothing else like it."

*George W. Thorn.*

### THE POETRY OF HENRY VAUGHAN.\*

A great national crisis, though it draws men together into a mutual brotherhood, isolates the individual. It drives inward every mind that is capable of thought to the discovery of what it holds most dear, to the discernment of what is of lasting value as compared with what is fleeting or makeshift. Imaginative genius, by its very nature solitary and aloof, is at such times made still more solitary. Its possessor may give his all, and we know how noble and complete such a sacrifice may be, to the common cause. But to give that genius itself is not always within his power. It may for a while be overwhelmed, or it may follow its own impulse the more strongly by reason of the conflict and opposition of circumstance. And though a comprehensive mind here and there may be capable of lifting itself above the tumult and of surveying the present with as equal and tranquil a scrutiny as mortals in general can bestow alone upon the past, the man of

a rare but less universal consciousness, while remaining true to the ideals which he shares with his fellows, goes his own way. And not until the hurly-burly and the strife are over can the world realize what strange flowers may grow on stony ground.

Vaughan was such a man. He came to maturity at a time when England was divided against itself. He knew the years, as he said, and what coarse entertainment they afforded to poetry. His first poems, as "ingenious" and ingenuous as they were imitative, were published in 1646, four years after the "Religio Medici," and nine years after the death of Jonson and the composition of "Lycidas." He was then twenty-four, had been called home to Wales by an anxious father from London and the law, and was soon to begin successful practice as a doctor in Brecon. 1646 was also the year of Crashaw's "Steps to the Temple" and "Delights of the Muses," published immediately before he went to France. Cowley's "Mistress" appeared in 1647, Herrick's "Hesperides" and "Noble

\* "The Works of Henry Vaughan." Edited by Leonard Cyril Martin. Two volumes. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 18s. net.)



Numbers" in 1648; "Lucasta" in 1649. And a year afterwards followed the first part of "Silex Scintillans."

Mr. Martin's labors as an editor have been exacting but fairly straightforward. His main object has been to supply an accurate text and, secondarily, to throw fresh light on the poet's literary affinities. There are no manuscripts, and though Vaughan's poems are sometimes obscure in their personal references, and often derivative, the most beautiful of them are fetched no farther than from his imagination, and offer not a fraction of the difficulties squandered by Donne. As Pope said of Crashaw, "I take this poet to have writ like a gentleman—that is, at leisure hours, and more to keep out of idleness than to establish a reputation," naïvely adding that, therefore, "nothing regular or just can be expected from him." What biographical facts Vaughan's poems reveal are usually vague. We know that he was twice married, that he had five children, and lost by death a dearly loved younger brother. By family tradition he was a Royalist; but though he mourned friends sacrificed to the cause, he did not, like his brother Thomas, the alchemist, fight for the King. He was, however, a sharp partisan and, so far as his enemies in Church and State were concerned, does not appear to have sought for the soul of goodness in things evil. His age, he reiterates, was degenerate. Bad men had made a bad world worse. But though such a poem as his "King Disguis'd," on that "Royal Riddle, the Hieroglyphic" Charles, is sincere enough in intention, it has a gilding of rhetoric and a flourish of conceits that clearly disclose an effort to be equal to a great occasion—

A King and no King! Is he gone from us,  
And stoln alive into his Coffin thus?  
This was to ravish Death, and so prevent

The Rebels treason and their punishment.

He would not have them damn'd, and therefore he

Himself deposed his own Majesty.

Wolves did pursue him, and to fly the Ill

He wanders (Royal Saint!) in sheepskin still.

Poor, obscure shelter! if that shelter be

Obscure, which harbors so much Majesty.

Hence prophane Eyes! the mysterie's so deep,

Like *Esdra*s book the vulgar must not see't.

Vaughan, indeed, was by nature a recluse. He loved to ponder away "mild, dewle nights and sunshine dayes" beside his Usk, far better than to brood or embark on any tide in the affairs of men. He lived to justify a divine right that is not the sole prerogative of kings—

For each Birth of thy Muse to after-times

Shall expiate for all this Ages Crimes:

So foretold the matchless and youthful Orinda of a poet whose "charming rigor" would some day teach the world "there's no pleasure but in serious things."

That strikes us, even to-day, as an austere gospel for a man under thirty. But it was his. "I shall hold it no paradoxe to affirme, there are no pleasures in this World." What is it but "a Wildernesse? a darksome, intricate wood full of *Ambushes* and dangers; a Forrest where spiritual hunters, principalities and powers spread their nets and compasse it about." Vaughan was heaven's own antithesis of a pessimist. He did not affirm that there are no pleasures, only that this world's are treacherous. He suffered remorse for what had been the proof of this. But even in the dedication of his first fancies he assures such refined spirits as "out-wing these dull Times, and soare above the drudgerie

of durty Intelligence" that here they would cheer them at "a Flame, bright only in its owne Innocence. . . . The fire at highest is but Platonick, and the Commotion within these limits, excludes Danger." And in this first poem he invites his friend R.W. (afterwards to fall at the battle of Rowton Heath) not to the clusters of the Triple Tun, but to the Elysian Fields, to the holy meads, where great Ben would be found and ill-starred Randolph. In a song to Amoret he speculates on what fresher youth, if he were dead, might grace the arms left empty. That rival, he realizes, might be of a blood as chaste as April's mildest tear, or rich and landed and beautiful, but even so mighty an Amorist as this could not give her such "endless holy fire" as his. Indeed, the only satisfaction he foresees for the threadbare, goldless genealogy of poets is not a pension or a sinecure from a grateful Stuart, but in a better world the attainment of a "native and celestial scope" again.

And there is in "Rhapsodis" a delightful piece of unconscious self-portraiture. He describes himself, like any other wanton young blood of poesy, sitting with his cronies in the Globe Tavern. He admires, then jeers at the painted walls and ceiling, at the base brush that has set up the full moon's face for nothing better than "a landmarke to the tipling trade"; then goes on to speculate on what vanities they would encounter, if they should do the town—"Catchpoles, whores and Carts in ev'ry street. . . . Riotous sinfull plush, and tell-tale spurs," and ends with the exhortation to drink deep—to Cæsar and to Sylla, so that the jovial company may retire "possessours of more soules." It isn't a frantically Bacchanalian interior. But though Vaughan's lines on "a piece so full of sweets and bliss" as the country

beauty, Fida, prove that his eyes had dwelt long enough on a pretty face and figure to enable him to enter the lists with Robin Herrick, it is only the light of fancy that plays on these demure pages. There is no danger. If he, indeed, loved Amoret or Etesia, these verses do not pulse to his "fierce wild bloud," nor tell how much, or why. It is rather such a poem as "The Charnel-House" that is first touched with imagination, with that gravity, penetration, ardor of thought, and that facet of humor glittering edgewise across the thought, which mark Vaughan's true poetry—that vein, indeed, which he told his honored cousin, Aubrey, when the latter had condescended "to reflect upon such low and forgotten things" as his brother Thomas and himself, is called in the Welsh bards Awen, signifying "as much as Raptus, or a poetic furor." Leane, bloudless shamble, where I can descrie

Fragments of men, Rags of Anatomie. . . .

How thou arrests my sense? How with the sight

My Winter'd bloud growes stiffe to all delight? . . .

Have I obey'd the Powers of a face,  
A beauty able to undoe the Race

Of easie man? I look but here, and strait

I am Inform'd, the lovely Counterfeit  
Was but a smooother Clay. . . .

But the grudging Sun  
Calls home his beams, and warns me to be gone,

Day leaves me in a double night, and I  
Must bid farewell to my sad library. . . .

Platonic or not, in his preface to "Silex Scintillans," castigating the cant-termed vicious "wits" of his time, whose energies remind him of the sun busy upon a dunghill, Vaughan frowns on his first innocent, smiling Amorette. This least of many converts, as he describes himself, to the true practical piety of the blessed man, George Her-

bert, makes public confession: "I my self have for many years together, languished of this very sickness; and it is no long time since I have recovered. But (blessed be God for it!) I have by his saving assistance suppress my *greatest follies*. . . ."

Vaughan had been very near to death; and to be turned back from that door gives a strange and crooked look to the street of life. And yet those greatest follies—if we may judge from the "innocuous"—can but have proved this saint to have been human, and, therefore, a sinner. To see the good cast down into evil is a sight for the rejoicing of none but devils; to know that a tender and stricken heart has beaten to the drums and fiddles of *Vanity Fair*, and still remembers those heady tunes, is to give even the least and worst of us a better hope. The pious are not always the most persuasive exemplars of a godly life. Even in the wise and gentle Herbert there is at times too placid and prim a tone. He is then merely sententious and "edifying"; and unworldly in a sense that does not imply the unearthly. As Professor Saintsbury once said, Herbert, with all his beauty and simplicity, is among sacred "where the late Mr. Longfellow was among profane poets." He has been the solace of many hearts. He wrote a handful of the serenest lyrics in English verse, but his influence upon Vaughan's work as a poet was by no means wholly good.

Vaughan had a more subtle, a more impulsive and passionate nature. Many of his poems, too, are meditative musings of self with self, a kind of lyrical reverie. He can be arid, persists in mere ingenuities (a magnifying glass, a book, a calendar, a grave, rust, candied fruits, green branches, all go to the imagery of one tender lament and regret), and he often wastes and dilutes a fine onset. But he knew that

poetry is not just a matter of preparing the tinder.

O! 'tis an easie thing

To write and sing;

But to write true, unfeigned verse  
Is very hard! Oh God, disperse  
These weights, and give my spirit leave  
To act as well as to conceive!

O my God, hear my cry;

Or let me dye!—

His poems are nearly all of them in the nature of parables; they convey precepts. But they are, too, "private ejaculations." They are infinitely winning because they have for warning and admonishment not the sinful reader, but the poet himself. And their earthly story is certainly not less beautiful than their heavenly meaning. They reveal a purity of the senses, an innocence of the eyes, known to us only in childhood, that "Angell-infancy," "our first faire bud," whose memory "dazled" even Vaughan, or caught back at the moment of waking from some crystal-clear and haunting dream. With an urbane, an almost wistful, bonhomie he invites his reader into his own solitude,—

The air was all in spice

And every bush

A garland wore. . .

It was high-spring, and all the way

Primros'd and hung with shade. . .

He transfigures the most ordinary allusion with at once the simplest and wildest of longings, and so condenses expression that for an instant its meaning eludes the mind:—

O that I were where I but see!

Is all the note within my Bush.

which recalls and fulfils the lovely-cadenced stanza in the poem beginning "They are all gone into the world of light!"

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's  
nest, may know

At first sight, if the bird be flown;  
But what fair Well or Grove he sings  
in now,

That is to him unknown.

And to the most solitary heights of poetry he transports us with the quietest of confidences, "I saw Eternity the other night." One word, one phrase—neither far-fetched nor heightened—is often all his magic, as when he writes of flowers "opprest with dew," of the "Slow Isicle" hanging at the "stiffe thatch," of the budding rose of daybreak and the "Pilgrim-Sunne," of how of death we make "a mere mistake," of the Saints who show their light like candles "and light us to bed," of God "keeping close house Above the morning-starre," and prays—

Grant I may not like puddle lie

In a corrupt security. . . .

Or it is as if we overheard the thoughts—"the roving exstasie"—of a traveller on a perilous and lonely journey—

Stars are of mighty use: The night  
Is dark, and long;

The Rode foul, and where one goes  
right,

Six may go wrong.

One twinkling ray

Shot o'r some cloud,

May clear much way

And guide a croud.

But though this may seem all an accident of happy ease, the close intensity of observation it implies is often revealed. In "The Lampe," for instance, Vaughan almost scientifically explains how the very instrument at his side uses its waste oil; he tells with exquisite fidelity how he has heard and watched—

Some drowsie silk-worme creepe

From that long sleepe,

And in weake, infant hummings chime,  
and knell

About her silent Cell

Untill at last full with the vital Ray  
She wing'd away.

The leaden arduous passage of time to one in sorrow could not be more poignantly expressed than in these few words:—

Silence and stealth of dayes! 'tis now

Since thou art gone

Twelve hundred houres. . . .

nor more surely proved a fallacy of diuturnity than in this, the soul's rebuke of the body,—

Ah! go; th'art weake, and sleepe.

Heav'n

Is a plain watch, and without figures  
winds

All ages up; who drew this Circle  
even

He fills it; Dayes and hours are

Blinds.

Yet take this with thee: The last gasp  
of time

Is thy first breath, and mans *Eternal*  
*Prime*.

Earthly life to such an imagination was but a thing of masques and shadows, and we all only apparitions. The business of a pilgrim, he said, is to seek his country. And every experience which he records is charged through and through with this one mystical significance. Darkness was horror to such eyes, though the dead and silent night for the solitary be "the day of spirits" and though—

There is in God (some say)

A deep but dazzling darkness.

Glowworm, candle, lamp, the beams and clouds of dawn, the stars, the sun—light was to him a never-ending rapture and inspiration. His poems are drenched with it, but rarely dyed with color. Even in the cock he praises the sunny seed which the Father of Lights has confined into this bird, and his Eagle "gets to the Moon and pores with scorn upon her duller face." The absence of light is to him the dread and menace of Hell: "Those furious and unquenchable burnings . . . though they be of such an insuperable *intense heat*, as to work upon *spirits*, and the most subtile Essences, yet do they give no light at all, but burn blacker than *pitch* . . ." The other extreme, equally abhorred of the soul, is death. But death,



though truly the wages of sin, was to Vaughan simply and doubtlessly the fulfilment of life's one happy promise, and the corruption of the grave was neither revolting nor fascinating. He asks God to watch over and at the same time to forgive such a falling away of the empty house, "which I sometimes liv'd in."

It is (in truth!) a ruin'd peece

Not worth thy Eyes,  
And scarce a room but wind, and rain  
Beat through, and stain,

and joy shines in his penitence like tears in the eyes of a child smiling in its mother's forgiveness. As simply, he looks forward to the Day of Judgment, as if to a release from a long and desperate task, to a day of life, of light, of love.

Men may be convinced that the world, in spite of its beauty and beguilement, is a bad place to be in by grief, by disillusionment, by the fantasy and transiency of things rare and dear, by weariness of self, by contempt of others, by the blind resentments of insanity. When Vaughan pines for a country far beyond the stars, it would be as vain to argue that this is false or distorted doctrine as to adjure a linnet to be content in a cage. Two weapons he asked for the defeat of the enemy—a living faith, a heart of flesh. In him imagination and faith were at one. The one sets the other burning. He did not turn aside from the day to write his

*The Times.*

poetry. He did not cultivate a beautiful seclusion. His poetry is merely a record of the reallest and most intimate things of a workaday life. Its supreme things are never prepared for. They are as intrinsic a part of it as is the sudden all-changing light of greeting in a sensitive face. It is as impossible to discredit such witness as it is impossible to discredit the happiness, or grief, or rapt inklings of a child. But though Vaughan had indeed returned to the childhood which he coveted and longed for again, though there is a kind of courtesy and indulgence in his poems, and again and again the homely abstractedness of one accustomed to live alone and to be a little shut away from strangers, there is, too, a manhood of extraordinary strength and inflexibility. A seraph, too, may smile and smile, and be a seraph. This loftiness is never absent from his poetry. In his utmost humility and self-sacrifice he is still of a high lineage, the servant of an unearthly prince; and pride in office is as formidable a quality as pride of self is a feebleness. Because that mind was so rare and that heart so sensitive, because always unusualness has a tinge of the eccentric, and even of the grotesque, his beauty, his radiance, his strange far-flying thought, are not surrendered to a chance acquaintance-ship. And even love of such a man can only fill the little vessel that brings it to its own small content.

## A MAN OF PEACE.

(Concluded.)

### PART II.

As the full significance of what he was witnessing came home to Robert Meikle's mind an impulse of panic seized him, followed the next moment by a sudden clearing of his facul-

ties and hardening of his resolve. To such a man as he the conviction of his own responsibility was incentive enough. But what step to take?

The nearest coastguard station was ten miles up the shore. By the time

he had given the alarm and returned to the scene irreparable harm might have been done. To ride back to the town and rouse the police would be almost as long an undertaking. No; upon his individual action depended the interruption of the criminal attempt. Ten minutes' hard riding would bring him to the headland. Thenceforward he must be guided by events.

Scarcely had he arrived at the decision, when he was on his bicycle again, pedalling at full speed in the direction of the cliff.

A dark mass at the side of the road made him swerve obliquely, coming off his machine. Hastily turning his lamp on the obstruction, he saw that it was a small but powerful motor-car, with lights extinguished, in the lee of the dike—the instrument of escape for the foreign depredators, no doubt. But he would have a word to say to that. Without a second's hesitation he whipped out his pocket-knife, and thrusting the blade deep into one of the swollen tires, ripped it up. A sharp, hissing noise followed him as he remounted his machine and rode away, bringing a grim smile to his face. Really, for "a man of peace" he was developing unusually vindictive qualities.

Now he had reached a point at which he must desert the road and take to the shingly turf that covered this part of the cliffs. Laying his bicycle on the ground, he started forward noiselessly in the direction of the headland. Fortunately there had been no repetition of the flashes, so that, as far as he knew, he would yet be in time to prevent further mischief. Doubtless the operators were waiting for an answer from out the dark void before them, or some stated interval was ordained to elapse between the signals.

He was making involuntarily for the ruined dwelling that he had formerly sought so vainly to distinguish, but

whose ragged gables could now be seen looming through the darkness ahead of him. It was more than probable that the building had been adapted by the spies for their machinations. How many of them were there? he wondered, a faint suggestion of his own peril obtruding itself on him for the first time since he had embarked on the adventure. But, strange to say, it brought with it no fear. The odds against his safety weighed nothing with him as compared with the chances of failure. He was obsessed with the one idea—to prevent any repetition of those hellish signals. Crouching lower and lower as he neared his objective, he advanced with a noiseless stealth that would have done credit to any professional cracksman. The ground was littered now with little heaps of flints marking the boundary of what had once been the garden of the ruin. Its back premises were a mass of crumbling bricks and mortar. The middle wall alone stood almost unimpaired by the destruction that had overtaken the remainder; and, moving in its shelter, the minister soon found himself at the right angle of the building. As he reached it he was greeted by a low clicking noise that evidently proceeded from the other side of the wall. He paused to listen. At the same moment two figures suddenly emerged from the front part of the house, bearing a curious tripod-like stand, which they deposited on the open ground about twenty yards from the edge of the headland.

The minister breathlessly watched the muffled forms bending over it, while snatches of deep, low conversation drifted back to his ears. The moment for action had almost arrived. Plainly another signal was to be launched forth through the encircling night. But what could one helpless man do against two desperate adven-

turers, armed as they doubtless were, and prepared to defend themselves to the last? Just for an instant the weakness lasted. Then a strange thing happened. An impulse of rage against the dastardly plotters such as he had never before experienced shook the man of peace to his foundations.

A louder click, a dazzling flash that for one brief second lighted up the cliff-top with an unholy brilliance, then a sudden hurtling presence from out the darkness that sent the instrument of damnation to the ground, and, flinging itself on the nearer of the muffled figures, bore him downward.

Just for an instant the minister had the advantage, being on the top of his man, with his hands grappling the miscreant's throat in approved melodramatic fashion. But the second spy had by this time recovered from the surprise of the attack, and, whipping out his revolver, took point-blank aim at the uppermost of the struggling figures. There was a sigh, a sudden relaxing of the minister's hold; and, extricating himself from beneath the now inert and senseless form, his opponent staggered to his feet. A moment later two scurrying forms could be seen making their way back across the cliff-top in the direction from which Robert Melkie had advanced on his daring mission but a short while before.

*Clang! clang! clang!* The harsh, untuneful summons, filtering through the sea-fog that had crept landward during the night, reached the house of Greywalls only in muffled snatches on this Sabbath morning.

Kate Thriepland, in her quaint oak-beamed chamber, put the finishing touches to her toilet. A dashing scarlet was the hue of her new gown, chosen out of compliment to the prevailing military taste, and certainly no color could have better suited the

clear pallor of the skin beneath the drooping black hat. But, somehow, she did not feel the anticipated pleasure in her appearance. A sense of futility, of impotence almost, possessed her, mingled with a weak and unprofitable haunting of remorse. Miss Goldie's taunt had gone deeper than she allowed. If the minister really valued her opinion, surely he would have been stung to anger by her gibes and flings of yesterday. But they seemed rather to afford him amusement, rolling harmlessly off his back. "A man of peace!" How she abhorred the term, at a time like this especially, when it was incumbent on every male being worthy of the name to justify himself!

Her aunts remarked her unusual silence on the way to church, but wisely made no comment on it.

A group of excited figures beneath the lychgate greeted them on their arrival.

The dominie, hatless, and with his hair standing up more brush-like than usual round his pallid face, detached himself to address them.

"A most mysterious thing had happened. The minister, who had been sent for to see a sick parishioner the preceding evening, had not yet returned. They were momentarily expecting a messenger from the manse with later news; and—ah, here he is!" as an awkward youth in Sabbath blacks came shambling down the road toward them.

"No; no word yet of the absentee," was the report. "His housekeeper, Tibbie Erskine, was just putting on her things to come up to the church and consult them."

A curious sinking of the heart assailed Kate Thriepland as she listened silently to the various solutions that sprang to the tongues of the group during the interval of waiting.

"Lost his way in the fog;" "Detained

by the serious condition of the patient;" "A bicycle accident."

Somehow she believed in none of them, yet her certainty of disaster was overwhelming.

At this juncture Tibbie's arrival created a diversion. The old woman's cherry-colored bonnet was awry, showing the heedless haste with which she had dressed, but her wrinkled face shone polished as ever. She scornfully repudiated every suggestion that had been put forward. "A serious harm's come to him, that's a' I ken, or he'd ha' been here this minute," she asseverated with vehement certitude; "an' the suner some of you great strappin' fellows get aff an' luik for him the better," casting a fiery glance from right to left.

Strange to say, this definite confirmation of her own worst fears came almost with a sense of relief to Kate Thriepland. A longing for action had been surging within her since she first heard the news, and the next best thing to starting off herself was to see the search-party detailed for the purpose.

A large crowd had now gathered, and it was Miss Thriepland's suggestion that the remainder of the congregation should go quietly into the church to await events, a proposal warmly seconded by the dominie. Accordingly, to give their humbler brethren a lead, the three ladies from Greywalls calmly and composedly entered their pew and took their seats as if there was nothing to hinder the service from commencing at its usual hour.

That first fifteen minutes seemed like an eternity to Kate Thriepland. Her thoughts were far away, scouring the lonely, winding tracks of the bleak hinterland that held the secret of the minister's fate. Anything might happen to a man in those solitary wilds. Her clairvoyant sense groped

dimly to some unprecedented happening, discarding, as formerly, all ordinary solutions.

Now the midday hour boomed from the clock on the tower, and with a scraping of feet the male members of the congregation, whose custom it was to linger among the graves until the last moment, filed in and took their places.

Silence!

The dominie had leant forward to consult with the precentor. A moment later he turned to the congregation and gave out the hymn, "O God! our Help in Ages Past."

With a shuffle of relief those present rose to their feet, and the grand old tune droned and echoed among the rafters of the church.

A longer, more accentuated silence followed the singing.

Miss Thriepland gave a covert glance at the tiny watch-face on her wrist, exchanging looks with her sister. Then a sudden commotion outside the church drew all ears. Hasty footsteps could be heard on the flagged central pathway of the graveyard.

The dominie rose just in time to confront the white-faced messenger, who hesitated in the porch.

Instinctively every one present had craned forward to catch a glimpse of what was going on.

Kate Thriepland's hands were clasped in her muff; her vision was blocked by the half-turned, startled profile of her elder aunt. Was it possible that she had only now realized the looming catastrophe? the girl wondered half-unconsciously. How much longer would that altercation in the doorway continue? Now the dominie had broken away from the bearer of ill tidings, and was striding back down the aisle, his expression set, a hand thrust into the front of his tightly buttoned frock-coat. At the harmonium he paused, throwing back his

head still farther, and facing the expectant worshippers.

"Brethren," he began in broken, husky accents, and those near him could see his fingers clenching and unclenching by his side, "I have bad news for you. Our minister has been found on Skegness Cliff wounded and unconscious. Yes, wounded through the breast by the cowardly bullet of an assassin"—he paused as if to give full weight to the assertion—"an assassin whose wicked machinations he had plainly tried to prevent, single-handed and unarmed as he was; for beside him where he lay was found a shattered instrument designed for signaling purposes. Brethren, our minister has played a part in the defence of his country as great and noble as any of those in the trenches. May God spare him to us for our future pride and gratitude!" He broke off, his head falling forward on his chest as a low echo of sympathy went round the church.

"A man of peace!" "A man of peace!" How mockingly the sentence danced through Kate Thriepland's brain as she passed out among the agitated throng a few moments later into the fog-bound silence of the Sabbath morning!

"As I have said before very often, I am a man of peace," said the minister in his languid, invalid tones. "One of your warriors would have been much more efficacious in the emergency."

It was his first public appearance since his recovery from his wound, this visit to Greywalls, and the remark had been addressed pointedly to the girl seated across the hearth from him, though it was her aunt that had called it forth by her congratulations on his prowess.

Kate Thriepland's eyes were fixed obstinately on the fire. "I don't think

any one could have done more," she said in a low, steady voice, "if he had been ten times a soldier."

"But the fellows escaped." The minister's tone was expostulatory.

"Despite a punctured tire," put in Miss Thriepland slyly.

A smile flickered across the visitor's wan face. Six weeks had elapsed since that tragic Sabbath of fog and mischance, but he still carried the signs of his encounter. "Ah, that was a nasty trick!" he ejaculated.

"When is the doctor going to send you away?" was Miss Thriepland's next remark, abruptly irrelevant. "Change of air is what you want."

"He says I may travel in another week," conceded Robert Meikle. "I am to have a month's holiday."

His eyes were fixed deliberately on the downcast face across the hearth as he spoke, but a faint twitching of the girl's lips was all that signified her cognizance of the statement.

"I'll just run up and tell Ann that you're here." Miss Thriepland had started up from her chair as if suddenly mindful of her sister's existence, and was at the door before the two who were left had time to realize her intention.

A silence broken only by the crackling of the red embers fell in the room.

It was the minister who interrupted it. "You rather failed in your obligations that day, you know, Miss Kate," he began in his low, tired tones; "such an opportunity lost, an empty pulpit, a starving congregation!"

The girl raised her head suddenly. "My courage is only theoretical, I fear," she said with a half-smile. "Besides, that morning I was thinking of other things;" and she lowered her head as suddenly again.

"If I might hazard a guess," he offered, "you were thinking of"—

"Well?" Her eyes met his again



defiantly almost as he broke off.

"No; I give it up," he retorted.

"I was thinking of you, of the most unlikely thing that could have happened to you," came the audacious confession.

He laughed. "Then I presume you foresaw what did occur. After all, what more unlikely thing than 'a fight' to happen to a 'man of peace,' and a coward to boot?" The last words were spoken in a lower tone.

"Hush!" She had started to her feet at the sound of them, her face crimsoning. "It is cruel, unmanly, to keep up such a thing—when you know—you know!"

The minister had risen too, and taken a few slow paces toward her. "Know what?" he demanded.

They were standing opposite each other on the hearthrug now, but his height gave him the advantage.

"Know what?" he repeated, as she gave no sign of having heard the question, his gray eyes scrutinizing her down-bent face.

"Oh, nothing," came the lame sequel. But, from the sound of the laugh that greeted the admission, the minister was not disappointed with it.

"It is wonderful what pleasure negative information gives at times," he remarked. "Shall I tell you what I do

know?" he added, a deeper note appearing suddenly in his voice.

A faint inclination of the head was her only answer.

"I know several things," he went on. "I know that fate is an irresistible force. I know that friction begets fire. I know that antagonism is the finest preliminary for attraction; that when destiny means two people to come together, little differences of opinion about such matters as the possession of the fighting quality are powerless to keep them apart. I know," his voice deepening still more, "that I, Robert Meikle, love you, Kate Thriepland, in the only way a man ever does love when he wants a woman for his own; and, moreover, I know that I have it in my power to make you as happy and blessed a wife as if you were married to a General and his whole staff." He broke off. "Now it is your turn," he added a moment later.

At his words she raised her shy yet glowing eyes to his face. "The thing I don't know is whether I have it in my power to make you as happy as you deserve," she admitted very faintly.

But his answer was to take her in his arms. "We'll discuss that on the anniversary of our marriage," he said. "Only, don't keep me waiting, Kate."

*H. Halyburton Ross.*

*Chambers's Journal.*

*(The End.)*

## THE OPTIMIST.

"What I stand on," said Mr. Bradshaw with a smile that was too radiant to be convincing, "is the power——"

But Mrs. Bradshaw had walked into the kitchen and closed the door.

In a minute or two her head emerged, and Mr. Bradshaw snatched at it (so to speak) as his only chance of getting his remarks finished.

"You've only got to look at it the

right way and it will be all right. That is the idea. Any dead fish can float with the current, but it takes a live fish to swim up-stream."

Mrs. Bradshaw's eyes flashed contempt. "Thank you," she said curtly. "But I'll have you to understand that I'm not a dead fish." She was trembling with an emotion on the verge of tears. "I know the bacon was over-

done—it doesn't take that smile of yours to teach me how to cook bacon. The child cried all night, and I have to be on my feet all day. It's not what *you* stand on, it's what *I* stand on."

"Ah!" said Mr. Bradshaw, with that broad inhuman smile. "It *seems* tiring, that's all. Stand as I do," he hesitated, "as I *try* to do, on Joshua and Caleb. Ten of them, you know, Maria, came back with hard-luck stories, but Joshua and Caleb brought grapes. That's you and I in a nutshell."

"Joshua and Caleb, nor you neither, George, hadn't been up all night with a teething baby—that would teach you what you stood on."

"I do beg of you, Maria, to be an optimist," said Mr. Bradshaw earnestly, ignoring the personal question. "It would alter your views of life."

"It wouldn't alter my views of a screaming baby," said Mrs. Bradshaw obstinately.

"It is so simple," said her husband hurriedly, as he saw the kitchen door opening to swallow her up. "You only have to keep smiling in the face of trouble, and pass the smile along—and how can I pass it along when there's no one to get it?"

"No one wants it," said Mrs. Bradshaw with temper. "Keep it to yourself, and much good may it do you. I never saw a smile that was worth the rocker on a cradle yet; and I haven't time to argue. Go and be an optimist by yourself!"

The kitchen door closed finally and Mr. Bradshaw was left outside.

Automatically the smile faded and something older, but infinitely more human, took its place. It almost seemed as if the weight of that portentous smile was unbearable. To smile and pass it on had seemed such an easy way of eluding trouble; but what happened when you couldn't pass it on? The club offered no advice on that subject.

And under Mr. Bradshaw's thatch of stiff fair hair a thought had been slowly growing and maturing, which could not be disregarded any longer. It was there before him at the office-stool; it looked at him out of Maria's tired blue eyes; it stood between him and his weekly wages.

He had meant to speak to Maria about it, but the right moment did not seem to come. If she could not smile in the face of a sleepless night, how would she take the news of his enlistment? Mr. Bradshaw shuddered at the thought, but his sense of duty was very strong, and his wish to serve was an honest wish, and somehow it seemed as if his feet, almost without consulting him, led him to the recruiting-office and out again. It was all over in five minutes—no smiling now, no hesitation—only a very swift and sweet remembrance of Maria's tireless feet as she walked up and down, patiently soothing the fretting baby, and holding it with tired trembling arms.

Maria was a trump, and, as she said, what was there to smile at? No more false gaiety, no more pretence. With a lighter heart and an unsmiling face he ran up the steps of his house and flung the door wide open, and just inside, her hair a mass of twists and curls, with a smile only stopped by her ears, stood Maria with the baby in her arms. Before he had time to speak, her words flew out at him.

"You were quite right, George. I'm going to be an optimist too. It's the only way. Smile at trouble, and pass the smile on, even if it is a crying baby. Let it cry!"

And the baby responded eagerly, whilst George stood in the middle of the passage in a horror-struck silence.

"Any dead fish," the words rang brightly above the uproar, "can float with the current, but it takes a live one to——"

But George spoke breathlessly. "I

can't bear it, Maria; do anything you like, cry or be cross, but for God's sake don't smile."

"There's no pleasing you," she said faintly. Then with a fading smile and anxious blue eyes, she came near and put her arms close round his neck.

"I know," she said. "You needn't tell me, George; I see it in your face. You've enlisted."

He did not try to swim up-stream, he only held her a little tighter, and said over and over again, "You see, Maria, it's my *duty*. It's *got* me, and I had to. All those pictures upset me, and the chaps out there, and me here. It's a bit of a wrench, Maria, but I'm

Punch.

an Englishman and I'd *got* to do it."

And Maria, still with her arms round his neck, and his cheek uncomfortably wet with her tears, said in a broken voice, "Well, there's some use in smiling now. It seemed so silly when there were just the usual things to worry over, and just the usual things to do, but now there's some sense in it, isn't there? You keep on smiling in the trenches, because—well, because there's so little to smile about there. And I keep on smiling at home, because—well, because there's so little to smile about here. I suppose that's what you call being an optimist. I never saw any sense in it before."

## THE ANATOMY OF PESSIMISM.

My garrulous clock growls its usual unduly portentous warning, much as certain newspapers do about the War every day just now. Then the old clock strikes, eleven blows, mechanical and metallic as a Mackensen's, but nothing flinches; I wish the worse than Germanic frightfulness of certain English newspapers had as little effect as that.

I look out into the starlit garden; the wind is changing, and an aspen shivers with alarm. I think of our aspen-like civilians, quivering at home in Navy-guarded safety, quaking under every puff of newspaper opinion, veering with every momentary flaw of rumor; and a theme, the Anatomy of Pessimism, comes into my head.

The Anatomy of Melancholy might be a fitter title, but it is splendidly copyright, and has been so these three hundred years. "I writ of Melancholy, by being busie to avoid melancholy," Burton explained, "*ut ex vipera theriacum*, to make an Antidote out of that which was the prime cause of the disease"; like a surgeon he dissected the malady therefore, as being either

"that which goes and comes upon every small occasion" or "an habit, a Chronic or continue disease."

What is the prime cause of this malady of Pessimism which, chronic or transient, is contagious in England to-day? It is mental, no doubt, but we need not discuss it in terms of psychology—that *Psychologie* upon which an equally demoralizing German diplomacy and education have been based. *Kultur* and *Psychologie* are the two cant words at Berlin, but "there isn't no sich a person" as a science of psychology, it is the Mrs. Harris of the Herr Professors, of such Gamps of the stillborn thesis as Wundt, Todt, Kulpe, Herbert, and the egregious Münsterberg who "professes" that pseudo-science at Harvard.

Maybe the Causes of Funk might be the fittest title of any investigation with the scalpel, for funk masquerading as patriotism lies at the bottom of much of the anxiety that prevails. A year ago we had our "No War" patriots, now we have our "Stop War" patriots; less estimable than either are "We are Losing the War" patriots,

or so it seems to me. Contempt is naturally one's first emotion towards them; they are so loud yet so timorous, so boastful of patriotism and yet so un-English; but I daresay a certain dose of pity ought to be mixed in with the contempt. For some of them are incapable of the sense of proportion, few of them can see the to-morrow or remember the yesterday, most of them have had no practice in accurately expressing thought, and trainloads of them are made the daily victims of a maudlin or mercenary Press. Speaking generally, however, an English pessimist about the War may be defined as a naturally timorous person who swallows cheap leading-articles whole.

Certain writers of signed articles, too, have discovered that there is a market for elaborate dolefulness, certain circulation-managers have found out that large numbers of people will more readily pay a halfpenny for bad news than for good, and certain concoctors of placards—those tabards of the gutter herald—use their big type accordingly; but these, I suppose, may be considered slim and smart, for it is a matter of business with them. In many of the eager purchasers of this manufactured pessimism one has to recognize the existence of a morbid pathological condition, however, a mental instability, an agitated form of hypochondriasis; so to speak, the muscles of their minds have become bunched.

The hale may properly pity them, for the hale are hopeful, and perhaps the hopeful are the only hale; in anything, in War or Peace, in fighting or trading, an ounce of optimism is worth a pound of pessimism any day. Happily, a steadfast hopefulness and a mute persistence are the true English national characteristics, and I think one finds them manifest almost everywhere yet; as in a railway-carriage,

for example, when a sturdy reader, snorting at the first words of a scare-article, switches his eyesight off to the actual news and forms his opinion from that. I cannot learn that there are many pessimists at the Front, either, at the spot where the actual news arises, and it is seldom those whose sons, husbands, or brothers wear khaki who are most doleful about the issue of the War. Social classification seems to have something to do with receptiveness for pessimism; the masses are steady and hopeful, their minds made up according to racial characteristics, by "the utterance of instincts, which are truer than thoughts," and everybody agrees that the upper and upper middle classes as a whole ring true. It seems to be to the other social strata that scare newspapers most confidently make their appeal.

There are always two voices, however, and we have our cheerful Press, or at least our doggedly determined Press; as well as the Yellow variety which is a throwback to some German-American ancestor, of the stock from which the "reptile Press" that disgraces German thought and journalism to-day descends. There are always two voices; I remember a wakeful night at Tours when two bells, from neighboring parishes, told the hours to the ear of sleeplessness. One was a *bourdon* bell, sadly and sternly deep; it tolled. "Abandon hope!" it seemed to say: "Time was; the hour is done!" But the tone of the other, a tenor bell, was gaily sweet: "Not so, not yet!" It merrily protested, "Your life and chances continue—another hour is begun!" In a long struggle such as this War the tone of the passing hour depends on *how* the facts are represented, and as few of us are totally immune against daily injections of depression, it would be well for most of us if certain newspaper men could be

interned awhile. Too many supposedly friendly aliens walk the purlieus of Alsatia still; strangers to England by birth and habit have been coming over here for years, with the mission of vulgarizing English journalism. Some English publications have persistently crabbed all that is distinctively English, all that is not American and German; Germany has been held up as a non-such to us, we have been told that our race and stock are degenerate. I wonder why such Bryans of the pen, inferior Bryans at that, should so busily immobilize hope and deploy despair? Is it a natural jealousy of England and the English, or merely "smartness" again? It cannot be an adoptive patriotism; it certainly is not the attitude an American expressed in this:

A King has asked a brother King

If the Oath holds that held before?

And, answering, thy bugles ring,

O England, as they rang of yore!

Whatever the motive may be, we do not need the spur of this exotic patriotism, the rack of this vicarious anxiety, the panic of these appeals that we should save ourselves from the Germans before it is too late. For the bugles still ring, and the Grand Fleet still keeps its deadly vigil, and from the Germans we are saving both the Americans and ourselves.

Yet we also have our native-born dejectors of the public mind—cynical clubmen, House of Commons wet-blankets, lachrymose Peers,—and a few Peers and Members, knowing little else than what the newspapers publish, have the *toupet* to suppose that they know better, can judge better, and could do better, than great public servants who know all. Again I wonder why, and how? How shall a civilian whose Parliamentary opinions were not considered worth a rush in peacetime become a sacred oracle in time of war? I imagine that the ordinary unassuming citizen, honestly modest

but soundly capable, is beginning to be weary of these lesser Jeremiahs, these self-constituted mentors, these too special constables of the public weal. For what are they but pillars of self-conceit? Who begs from them their views in a crisis? Do they imagine that they are Experience counselling Expectancy, with us, a People, hanging on their words? What is their record? What proofs of constructive or formative genius have they given in the past? It is absurd to the pitch of comedy that they should prate at all just now. Mopus the natural pessimist may get his chosen diet of scandal and anxiety out of their questions, supplementary questions, and speeches "upon every small occasion," but to those who know them for what they really are in Parliament they are Stultus and Nullus still. So that Parliament listens with a politely mute disdain.

Some clubmen, too, set up waves of depression; a cold blank rain of cynicism helps the national barometer to fall. At a time like this a middle-aged clever man whose modes of thought and expression are habitually ironical diffuses unhealthy influence; I know that he mocks almost genially, and girds at himself as well as at others, but he mocks so readily, and so especially at what he describes as optimism and sentiment, that his talk is corrosive of individual hope and collective resolve. Irony is a great power; I suppose its potency resides in the contrast of the over-statement with the under fact; Nature herself this summer has seemed to hang overhead a vast irony, in the contrast between our feverish fighting and her perfect peace. But irony undermines; irony expressed is usually the cold water thrown by the indifference of the indolent upon the enthusiasm of the energetic. It expresses a too tranquil egotism, felt by the too well self-satisfied, and as "an habit, a Chronick



or continue disease," it is nationally pestilential at a time like this.

By writing letters to periodicals of good standing our more active ironists increase the radius of the depression which they exhale. "Everything is going excellently well, in every quarter of the field" one of them recently wrote. "Has not your Military Expert told us so, with a courage so sublime and undaunted that eleven solid months of muddle and confusion only encourage him to greater efforts?" I do not doubt that the same type of lay critic wrote in that same tone between the battles of Corunna and Toulouse, again and again. "Continue your articles," said a letter-writer to a hopeful Military Correspondent. "At the Front they call them their whisky and soda. In our village an old gentleman, very old, asked to see me. He was hopelessly depressed about the War. I gave him your articles to read. He is now well and about!" That is irony, and it may be wit, but was it worth while? Every father of a son in khaki who read it would get a needless pang. Perhaps the worst aberration of all is found in people who take every statement in the German Wireless for gospel, but decline to believe any bulletin from an English officer and gentleman, Sir John French.

I know that sheer patriotism, an anxious and disappointed desire for victory, underlies a variety of this pessimism, but, anatomized, the usual causes are found to be fear, folly, or conceit. In finding fault with the fault-finders I may be thought to betray the last of those three myself, but at any rate I have written or spoken nothing that could help to hamper a Minister or drag down a Field-Marshal, turn out a Government or depress a population, and therefore I have ventured to take up the para-

*The Nineteenth Century and After.*

ble here against any who do. The times are critical, and the emergency is serious, I daresay, but for my own poor part I will try to get this War into perspective, and see it in its right dimensions of time and space. Studying again the long and fluctuant course of our campaigns against Louis the Fourteenth and Napoleon, I will try to draw comfort, not despair, for myself and for others, from facts now which resemble facts then. Then as now there were dire short-comings of preparation and costly blunders in strategy, but with the aid of dogged hope, effort, and time England won through to victory then, and will again now.

I will not allow myself to suppose anything so unscientific as that the English are decadent and the German superhuman, or that all goes well with them yonder while all goes ill with us here. I will try to conceive of a war as a slow and hazardous shifting of unequal values, and will recognize that, as this War is vaster in itself than all the campaigns and battles of the last two centuries put together, a decisive transformation of values must not be looked for suddenly, and we cannot expect to achieve in teens of months success such as our forefathers could only gain in teens of years. Reflecting that never then were the Parties, the Kingdom, and the Empire united, and that never before had we Forces so great and gallant, or Allies so determined and powerful, I will not look on the dark side only, which is that never before had we an enemy so strong. Calm in the confidence of ultimate success, an English patriot may put up with postponement patiently, certain that the longer the War goes on the worse and more lasting will the ruin of Germany be, and the wider the influence of England in the vast changed future now at hand.

*J. H. Yozell.*

**AMERICA AND EUROPE'S VICTOR.**

At this and every juncture of the war has arisen the question—What is to be America's part in it? To most Englishmen America still seems, both geographically and politically, remote from the great European conflict, and the matters which threaten at times to bring her in seem merely consequential and insulated to the main contentions of the war. It will, therefore, come as a surprise to readers of Dr. Roland Usher's book ("Pan-Americanism") to learn how vitally the future safety, independence, and prosperity of the United States are thought to mingle in the struggle between England and Germany.

If America were by nature and development disposed for economic and political isolation, the twenty-two Republics of the Continent being capable of drawing together into a voluntary self-sufficing federation for commerce and for defence, and strong enough to bid defiance to the powerful outsider, the issue of the present war might be regarded with comparative indifference. But this voluntary Pan-Americanism is shown by a most convincing array of arguments to be impracticable. There exist no such bonds of economic mutuality, of language, institutions, culture, community of feeling, as are needed for any effective form of political federation. Commercial intercourse on the part of South America with Great Britain and with Germany is far quicker, larger, better established, and more profitable than with the United States. The trade routes across the Atlantic are more numerous and better, the ships that carry this trade are exclusively European, the commercial transactions are completed by exchange on London, and English and German banks conduct virtually the whole finance. Fi-

nally, the trade between South America and Europe stands on a basis of greater necessity and gain than that between South America and the United States. Nor are the political and social difficulties, of which race is the core, less destructive of any real extension of the federal idea, so as to convert the continents of North and South America into a great Staaten-Bund.

These speculations may appear remote from the issue of the war, until we approach Dr. Usher's interpretation of the war itself. More important than the struggles for nationality or autonomy, which figure so prominently in the land conflict, seems the issue of the control of the seas. For upon the control of the seas depends the economic security and prosperity of the great antagonists in the near future. Germany's challenge to England's naval supremacy arose from the growing belief in the necessity of providing expanding markets for her manufactures. Colonial empire was grasped at, partly as a means of securing these markets, partly in order to maintain the fighting strength of the nation by directing emigration within the Empire. The temporary result of Germany's naval challenge to England has been to give the United States the control of American waters, Japan the control of the Pacific, by a withdrawal of England's naval forces into her home waters. A signal victory for either navy must, Dr. Usher argues, definitely worsen the situation for the United States. For the great prize of the future is the trade and development of South America, and the victor in the European struggle will use the ocean according to his will, in order to fasten his economic power on South America.

This commercial and capitalistic control, even if not accompanied by attempts at political annexation, will be a direct challenge to the economic and political independence of the United States. It may not, he holds, actually threaten the security of her dominions. But it would involve none the less a genuine diminution of her "independence," *i.e.*, "the unassailable right of every nation to control the factors essential to its territorial integrity, its economic prosperity, and its international status." Though Pan-Americanism is an impossibility, the vital interests of the United States require that it shall secure its "independence" by control of the American seas, and an "international status" which will give her a fair share of the future exploitation of South America. If Germany were to win at sea, she would certainly challenge this "independence" in the near future. But Dr. Usher thinks that, if England crushed the naval power of Germany and resumed the rule of the sea she held through last century, the United States could not afford to return to this position, in view of the growing importance of her needs for foreign markets, especially in South America. Doubtless, in times of peace, England's control of the sea has been mild and inoffensive. But the suggestion is that war develops restraints to national self-respect and is injurious to trade. So the United States stands at the parting of the ways. Her present armaments are expensive futilities. If she decides against positive disarmament, she must equip herself without delay with naval and military forces commensurate with the needs of her situation. "Until we are free from the English merchant fleet and from the control of all the approaches to the Western Hemisphere by the English

The Nation.

navy, we shall not be able to act in foreign affairs contrary to the policies and interests of the sea-power without immediately entailing upon ourselves an economic crisis of the first magnitude." An adequate mercantile marine, a system of international exchange in the hands of American bankers, and lastly, "the control of the ocean highways by the United States' fleet, so that our contact with Europe and the Mediterranean, our control of the Panama Canal, our trade in South America, and our commerce with the Far East and the Islands of the East, is assured beyond peradventure"—such are the "prerequisites of independence."

Now, we are far from being believers in the "inevitable clash," and we are not convinced that any vital interests whatever of the United States would be jeopardized by the restitution of the "rule of the sea" to Great Britain. But we recognize that after the experiences of this war Americans may not be disposed to take risks. In that we may have to face an American call on us, as part of the great settlement, to promote a large reduction of naval armaments, and to abate our powers to make sea-law and to impose it on neutral Powers in times of need. Otherwise a section of public opinion in the United States may drive that nation along the path of navalism and militarism which the demands of economic internationalism and her political status as a world-power seem to require. This makes it the more urgent that the United States should take an important part in the European settlement, and that we should fairly consider the new fact that England is not the only nation whose economic existence and prosperity depend upon the free use of the sea.

## GERMANIA CONTRA MUNDUM.

(BY THE EARL OF CROMER.)

It would obviously be premature to discuss in anything approaching to detail the terms upon which the present war might be brought to a conclusion. But it is not too early to indicate what Great Britain and her Allies are fighting for, what are the results which have so far followed the rebellion of the German Government and nation against all the canons heretofore received as the foundations on which modern civilization rests, and what consequences would almost certainly ensue in the event of Germany emerging victorious from the present titanic contest. When a clear idea is gained on these points it will, at all events, be possible to foreshadow a few of the leading principles which should be borne in mind when the moment arrives to discuss the terms of peace. I propose, therefore, to deal with these points in a series of essays which will be contributed to the *Spectator*. One of the reasons which has induced me to adopt this course is the belief that it is at the present time the bounden duty of every one who can, in however small a degree, gain the ear of the public, and who, from advancing years or other causes, is incapacitated from rendering other and possibly more valuable services, to use his voice or pen in order to bring home to his countrymen and countrywomen the realities of the situation. I cannot aspire to throw any new light on that situation, or to say anything which has not already been said in various forms by other politicians or journalists, who in many cases can speak with far greater authority than myself. I have not since I was a boy resided for any length of time in Germany. My views as to the internal condition of that country and on the general trend of

German public opinion must therefore be derived from the testimony of others. The only personal qualification I can adduce as a plea to obtain a hearing is that for a period of twenty-four years I occupied a diplomatic post which gave me some insight into the practices and methods of German statesmen, that my experience led me to form a very unfavorable opinion of those practices and methods, and that, when freed from the trammels of official life, I lost no opportunity of warning my countrymen of the German danger.

It is submitted, moreover, that in this special case the reiteration of facts and opinions which are generally accepted, and even, with due acknowledgment, the piracy of the views of others, is very pardonable. The English-speaking race are tenacious of ideas when they have once been acquired, but, especially when they reside not on the Western but on the Eastern shores of the Atlantic, they are a slow-moving and slow-thinking people. They are conservative in the sense that it requires a prodigious effort to make them change their habits of thought or modify any acquired and deeply rooted opinions. They are far less quick-witted and versatile than Celts or Latins. Goethe's disparaging remarks upon the average intelligence of Englishmen are well known; and whilst their political instinct, amounting almost to genius, has been generally recognized by all foreign observers, a very clever and patriotic Englishman with a turn for humorous paradox has not hesitated to vaunt their want of any conspicuous degree of intelligence as a political virtue. "Why," Mr. Bagehot said in one of his *Literary Studies*, "do the stupid people



always win and the clever people always lose? I need not say that in real sound stupidity the English people are unrivalled." If, therefore, this somewhat uncomplimentary description of English national characteristics be in any degree correct, it would appear that the method best calculated to ensure a true appreciation of the present situation is that which was adopted by Mr. Cobden during the Anti-Corn Law agitation. It consisted in a number of persons, animated by the same motives and aiming at the same objects, repeating the same facts and arguments over and over again in slightly different language to all who were willing to give them a hearing. My sole ambition is, so far as health and strength will allow me, to be enrolled amongst the participators in this righteous crusade.

What, therefore, are we and our Allies fighting for? Without attempting to deal fully with the considerations which may be adduced in connection with each separate branch of this subject, it may perhaps be as well to make a catalogue—and possibly an incomplete catalogue—of the objects which we seek to attain.

In the first place, we are fighting for the maintenance of the British Empire and for our own existence as a nation. It may be hoped that the truth of this statement is now very generally recognized by the people of this country. There appears every reason to hold that it is now fully recognized by the people of that "Greater Britain" which lies overseas. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa feel no doubt on the subject. Nevertheless, some politicians, mostly of an obscure type, have at times endeavored to persuade the British working men that they have no real interest in this war, and that the triumph of the German arms would not adversely affect their fortunes or materially change the

course of their lives. There cannot be a greater error. It is no exaggeration to say that a complete German victory would exercise a profound effect on the political status, the material wealth, the social condition, and the surrounding moral atmosphere of every individual subject of King George V. A partial victory would produce changes in proportion to its extent. Let it not be supposed for one moment that any degree of statesmanlike generosity would be extended to the vanquished. Englishmen have been slow to recognize the extent to which the old Germany, with its really noble aspirations and high standard of morals, has passed away. Its place has been taken by a Germany one of whose principal national characteristics is extreme vindictiveness and a catholic capacity for hating other nations. According to the testimony of all competent observers, the hatred for England which existed before the war exceeded anything which we could have believed possible. It has, of course, now been increased tenfold. The German Heine said: "The Germans are altogether more vindictive than the Latin races. They are idealists in hating." He added that the Germans hate not only what their enemies do but what they think. The fact is not surprising in so far as the English are concerned, for the whole of English thought, whether interpreted by philosophers, politicians, or journalists, has for a long time past run on lines diametrically opposed to German processes of ratiocination. The former has been invariably tinged with altruism. The latter has been the *ac plus ultra* of egotism.

We are also fighting for the maintenance of that "freedom of the seas" to which the Germans say they aspire. The expression in their mouths is merely a euphemism for the destruction of that maritime supremacy on which our existence as a nation depends.



We are fighting in order that the smaller nationalities of the world may enjoy that "place in the sun" of which Germany virtually claims a monopoly, and notably that Holland, Belgium, and Denmark should not become German provinces.

We are fighting in order that, when the map of Europe comes to be rearranged—and some rearrangement will certainly be necessary—the frontiers should, so far as is possible, be ethnic, and should be made to depend, not on commercial or strategical considerations, but on community of race, language, and religion.

We are fighting that the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine should be returned to their rightful owners, and in order to prevent the vastly superior civilization of France from being crushed under the heel of latter-day German barbarism. Can any one imagine a world no longer illuminated by the vivifying ray of French genius? Truly, as a distinguished Frenchman has said, if France disappeared, "le monde y perdrait son sourire."

We are fighting in order that the Slav race should not be crushed out of existence by the Teuton. Of all the singular vagaries of ephemeral public opinion in this country, surely one of the most extraordinary is that which has led certain very ill-informed Englishmen to exalt the civilization of Germany over that of Russia. A recent manifesto of the Independent Labor Party stated that "if Russia is permitted to gratify her territorial ambition and extend her Cossack rule, civilization and democracy will be gravely imperilled," and Mr. Keir Hardie has spoken of that "great black-blood-stained monster, Russia." As a matter of fact, it is not Russia but Germany which threatens civilization and democracy. Russia entered late into the comity of civilized nations, but is now gradually developing her institutions

on lines which conform to the high ideals and moral standards of the best political thought of the century. The triumph of Germany would, on the other hand, connote the complete shipwreck of those ideals and the total abrogation of those moral standards, more especially as they are conceived by Mr. Keir Hardie and his associates. The force of political miscalculation can hardly go further than in supposing that the triumph of German arms would involve the triumph of the German Socialists, large numbers of whom are moderate Liberals and no more Socialists, in the general acceptance of the term, than I am. The very contrary is the case. The only hope of the German Socialists, and indirectly of their sympathizers in other countries, lies in the success of the Allies. Mr. Harbutt Dawson, in his very remarkable work entitled *What is Wrong with Germany?* says with great truth: "For the German nation in its present mood, did it but know, success would be an infinitely greater misfortune than defeat, since victory would seem to sanctify force and justify the spirit of arrogance and aggression which has led Germany to break treaties, to trample underfoot the rights of small States, and to defy the moral sense of the world." Paradoxical as it may appear, there cannot be the smallest doubt of the truth of this statement. German democrats, Mr. Dawson adds, "know in their hearts that the popular cause would be best served by their country's thorough-going defeat."

We are fighting that Italy—the nursery of ancient civilization, the home of modern Liberalism, the creation of genuine national aspirations—should gather into her bosom those outlying fragments of the Italian nation which yearn for union and which now shiver under the unsympathetic rule of the Teuton.

We are fighting in order to expiate one of the greatest political crimes of the bloodstained eighteenth century—the Partition of Poland, which so ardent a devotee of the Hohenzollern cult as the German historian Sybel has been obliged to recognize was largely due to the “utter perfidy” of Prussia. Lord Eversley, writing in a recent and very interesting work of the action of Prussia in connection with the second Partition of Poland in 1793, says: “In the annals of Europe there had been no more shocking and scandalous transaction”; and he tears to shreds the flimsy apologies offered both by Carlyle for the conduct of Frederic the Great in dealing with the first, and by later historians for that of his nephew and successor in dealing with the second Partition. The success of the Allies almost necessarily involves a re-constituted and at least quasi-independent Poland.

We are fighting that heroic Belgium shall not be blotted out of the map of Europe, and that adequate compensation may be afforded to the Belgian people for the agony which they have endured.

We are fighting that the legitimate aspirations of Serbia should be satisfied, and that her existence should no longer be menaced by Austrian aggression.

We are fighting in order that the relations to the Balkan States with each other should be so regulated as no longer to constitute a standing menace to the peace of Europe.

We are fighting that Greece, equally with Italy, should gather into her fold some of her sons who now groan under the Turkish yoke.

We are fighting—although the fact is apparently as yet appreciated by only a section of American citizens—in order that all those general principles of government, including the Monroe Doctrine, to which Americans cleave

with all their heart and soul, should remain intact. A great German success would shatter them into fragments.

We are fighting in order that the moral, material, and political progress of India—one of the greatest marvels of modern times—should not be arrested. We are bound by the strongest ties, both of interest and honor, to stand by the Indian people, who during the present crisis have conspicuously shown their loyalty and devotion to the British Crown.

We are fighting in order that Egypt should continue to advance under the kindly guidance of Great Britain, and that the Egyptian people should not be subjected to the withering hand of the Prussian or the Prussianized Turk. There cannot be a shadow of doubt as to German intentions as regards Egypt. The country is again to be delivered over to the Turkish Pashas, by whom in former times it was so woefully misgoverned. Dr. Rohrbach, who is one of the principal exponents of German *Weltpolitik*, wrote in 1911: “England can be attacked and mortally wounded by land from Europe only in one place—Egypt. . . . Egypt is a prize which for Turkey would be well worth the risk of taking sides with Germany in a war with England. The policy of protecting Turkey, which is now pursued by Germany, has no object but the desire to effect an insurance against the danger of a war with England.”

We are fighting in order that Armenia should no longer be a Turkish slaughterhouse, and that the people of that sorely-stricken country should acquire the right to live.

We are fighting in order to give the finishing touch to that noble work whose achievement constitutes one of the greatest claims of England to the gratitude of the world—the abolition of slavery. It may be hoped that, as

one consequence of the war, the malignant influence of Turkey—the only surviving country in Europe which recognizes the status of slavery—will be irrevocably shattered.

We are fighting in order that the population of many portions of Central Africa should learn that Prussian absolutism does not truly represent Western civilization. Surely no more stinging reproof was ever administered to a nation calling itself civilized than is contained in the numerous letters recently addressed by the Emirs and Chiefs of Northern Nigeria to the English Governor-General of that province. One of them (the Emir of Kontagora) writes: "We are continually praying God that he will give you the victory, and that he will destroy the Germans, because we know well that they are an evil people of evil customs; therefore may God not help them at all, because theirs is the custom to spoil the land." And another (the Emir of Bornu) writes: "We wish but for peace under the King, and not under the Germans. . . . We are Moslems and not pagans, for we are free to worship in our own way and our religion is not interfered with. And so we pray God to prosper the King and to give him long life. We ask you, Governor Lugard, to lay this our message of loyalty before the King."

We are fighting in order that, in South Africa, Boer and Briton may work out their own political salvation without interference from any unsympathetic aliens. The German view of the future of South Africa was, at the time of the Boer War, thus explained by a leading German newspaper (the *Deutsche Zeitung*): "Every work of civilization [in South Africa] built with English money must be destroyed. The land must be devastated in such a way that only the Boer farmer can live in it."

We are fighting in order that the Turkish hordes, who for five hundred years have camped in Europe, should be driven back into Asia. Of all the questions which will confront the British Government when the terms of peace come to be discussed, none is more beset with difficulties than this, for we have to remember that England is a great Mohammedan Power. We must, on every ground of high policy, and also of right and justice, avoid so far as is possible doing or saying anything calculated to offend legitimate Moslem opinion or sentiment. At the same time, as Sir Edward Grey explained two years ago in a remarkable speech, it must be fully understood that we cannot "regulate our European policy so as to side with a Mussulman Power when that Mussulman Power rejects the advice given to it." That Indian Moslems will thus be faced with a most embarrassing dilemma cannot be doubted. For a long time past they have been led to believe that Russia is the principal foe and England the leading champion of Islam. They now see England and Russia moving hand in hand, and they have to contemplate the probability of a Russian occupation of Constantinople. It must be confessed that they are asked to turn a very sharp corner. None the less, the realities of the situation have to be faced. The crisis, which it has long been foreseen by those who were acquainted with the political situation of both India and the Near East would sooner or later occur, has arisen. The presumed interests of India clash with the policy which circumstances have forced on the British Government in Europe. The Indian Moslems will have to realize that hostility to the Turk does not connote hostility to Islam, and that the survival and prosperity of the Moslem religion are not in any essential points identified with the maintenance

of Turkish temporal rule whether in Europe or parts of Asia.

The list of objects which we seek to attain is long. It embraces almost every subject of importance which for generations past has engaged the attention not only of British statesmen but of the civilized world. It appeals alike to self-interest, to honor, and to political imagination. Neither is it complete, for, in truth, all the episodes enumerated above are but different phases of one huge struggle between rival methods of government and conflicting theories of the lines on which the progress of the world should for the future advance.

The Spectator.

(To be continued.)

## HERBS AND SAGES.

There are two ways of approaching the old herbalists: the one by avenues of their own learning, the other by paths clean-swept of all they knew and worked at. It is fatally easy to discount the beginnings of science. "Let us never forget," says a writer on Theophrastus, "the debt we owe to those who first set flowing the streams of knowledge, or suppose that without the early labors of such pioneers into the dark recesses of the mysteries of nature we could ever have walked firmly along the highway that seems to us so broad and smooth."

So with medicine. Herbalism arose not from books but from the earth. It is the romance of the microcosmos, the philosophy of the universe, the beginnings of medicine. To recover the idea which informed the herbals it is necessary to become familiar with the works of sages—Aristotle and Hippocrates in particular—whose teaching upon elements and herbs was everywhere honored and applied until barely two hundred and fifty years ago. En-

It has been often stated that the struggle is one between democracy and autocracy. The definition is true, but it does not cover the whole ground. It would be more correct to say, in the words of Mr. Oliver in his *Ordeal by Battle*, that issue has been joined between "the modern spirit of Germany and the unchanging spirit of civilization." It will be well to inquire briefly both into the changes which the new German spirit has introduced into the relations between States, and into the effect which has been produced on the internal conditions of Germany itself.

tertainment is procured from the old brown volumes through archaic style, fabulous lore, and many "a sentence of rare fancy"; but it is unfair to pronounce upon the authors "that they never seem to have taken much trouble over the experimental part of their profession or to have made any attempt to standardize the herbs they sold," as we have lately read in one book.

On the contrary, indeed, all herbs were severely tested and exactly classified after the system of Galen, who raised and extended the first method of "Divine Hippocrates." In procedure a tester proved unknown substances upon his own constitution, or "let loose" the doubtful element into another man's body while he stood by to watch the battle. In either case there resulted a recipe approved or a caveat entered. The good herb found place in herbals and in "Apothecaries' shoppes," the bad wrecked or destroyed, perhaps, a life. Private enterprise in this field was discouraged, and

opprobrious names were hurled at those who dared to experiment. White hellebore, for instance, should "be given only with good heede and great advisement," those "grieved in their stomackes should by no means deal with it . . . wherefore those land leapers, Rogyes, and ignorant Asses do very evill, for they give it without discretion to all people. Certainly Dodonæus would have viewed with strong disfavor a modern author's project "to compound the ancient receipts for oneself as an irresponsible amateur, and watch their effect upon the health and spirits of one's guests or the stranger at one's gate." In practice in early days it was not enough to declare a headache and procure a remedy. The constitution of the patient as regarded elemental proportion must be declared and consulted in the choice of remedy, since "things profitably given to those that are of a waterie," *i.e.*, phlegmatic "disposition are utterly forbidden to those that have dry," *i.e.*, choleric "constitutions."

The extraordinary precision of the herbalist's art is conclusively shown in a passage in Parkinson's "Theatre" upon the sale of "substitutes." The juice of the sloes for juice of acacia is under criticism. "Divers learned men in sundry places," proceeds the author, "have accounted the condensate juyce of Sumach or of Mirtles to be a better substitute, answering to the qualities of the Acacia in more than the juyce of Sloes doth; but substitutes had neede of much consideration and judgement, not only to be alike in the first qualities, *i.e.*, a roote for a roote, a seede for a seede, a juyce or gum for a juyce or gum, etc. . . . but in second qualities also of a substitute, *i.e.*, in heate and cold. . . . Yea and in the third quality likewise that they may answer as neere as may be possible the same degrees, that they neither want nor abound in any de-

gree." Far, then, from dispensing earth's benefits with a careless hand, they sought out meaning in the smallest herb that grows, sounding after their ability the depths of its purpose, proving to the limits of their power the marvel of its being. Herbalism was not foolishness. Its art ensued naturally on the ancient theory that the universe and man, the macrocosmos and the microcosmos are linked together in closer ties of being and amity.

"Nothing hath got so far  
But man hath caught and kept it as  
his prey.

His eyes dismount the highest star:  
He is in little all the sphere.  
Herbs gladly cure our flesh because  
that they

Find their acquaintance there."

This theory unknown, obsolete herbalism must perforce be misprized or contemned.

It is of romance that the primal husbandman or shepherd conceived of a philosophy of medicine while plying the spade or keeping the flocks: that, tilling and sowing in the ground, or "sitting at a mountain's foot, a keeper and commander of poor beasts," man became contemplative of the universe that framed his small body, and, by consequence, thought upon his own body that held his spirit. Analogies were suggested: of earth and dust with flesh, of stones and rocks with bones. Then came considerations of the constitution and process of greater nature and the application of both to human and lesser nature. As men perceived the action of the four primary elements in the body of the world and marked that it was by their proportionable agreement that harmony prevailed therein, so they imagined that the four elemental qualities, *viz.*, heat, cold, dryness, moisture, were to be recognized and brought into harmony in their human bodies. Let a



due proportion of elements prevail, said the sage, and health is assured. This, briefly, was the elements theory: the theory of the herbalists, the disciples of Aristotle, of Hippocrates, and Galen.

The science of herbalism concerned the balance of qualities. A man's constitution being temperate he would maintain its temperance through temperate means, since "like maintains like." If, on the other hand, it appeared unequal, he would endeavor to bring about equality by applying heat to cold or cold to heat, after the doctrine of "Sympathy and Antipathy." "Antipathy and Sympathy," declared old Culpeper, "are two things upon which the whole model of medicine turns": and in so saying he applied the general law to the particular, for it was commonly held that upon those principles the whole of life turned.

Pliny is earnest upon "peace and warre in nature . . . whereupon the frame of this world dependeth, and whereby the course of all things else doth stand." To him, as to the latest Galenic herbalist, the earth seemed one vast camp of opposing forces, be-

*The Saturday Review.*

cause "in every coast and corner of the world there may be observed both sympathies and antipathies." With him, however, as with later naturalists, battles in the lower kingdoms might be observed with equanimity because it was established that fish, fowl, beasts, reptiles, plants, minerals, and stones all ministered, through mutual attraction and repulsion, to the benefit of man alone. Instances of the manner in which antipathies serve man are delightful. They open up the most romantic chapters in ancient medicine. The radish and laurel we learn are antidotes to drunkenness, and why? Pliny explains that it is because of secret enmity between the vine and these plants, an enmity so deep that "a man shall sensibly perceive it"—the vine—"to look heavily and mislike if those plants aforesaid grow not further off from it." The radish should claim to be a complete friend to man, its juice also being effectual when rubbed upon the hands of those about to "handle scorpions." Moreover, in extremity, it was said, "Doe but lay a radish upon a scorpion he will presently die."

*Frances Chesterman.*

## ON FEAR.

One of the unanswered riddles of humanity is why fear—a perfectly natural and reasonable instinct, one of Nature's weapons for furthering the perfection of every species—should always rank in men's esteem among the most craven, deadly, and dishonorable vices. No man can be branded with a more opprobrious epithet than that of coward; there is no weakness to which men will not more willingly confess than that of fear.

Another curious phenomenon is the superlative value we place on the possession of physical bravery. There

are many who will resort to any artifice to cover the fact that they are afraid of pain, of danger, or physical discomfort and unpleasantness, who take no trouble whatever to conceal their moral cowardice from the eyes of all the world.

From time immemorial this disproportionate and unreal value has been placed upon bravery; it has been celebrated in all the ages of which we have any record by chant and ode, in legends and sagas innumerable. Most of these have been founded on the adventures of some "hero," celebrated for

his picturesque recklessness, his triumph over pain and weariness and obstacles of every description, his strength, his power to slay the dragon and rescue beauty in distress, to battle with storm or with beasts as dangerous and untameable; but notwithstanding our admiration of this splendid physical prowess many of us can remember our private and youthful wonder on first reading the tale, that the hero, gorgeous in strength and shining armor, should stoop to deeds which we, with our unformed moral code, distinctly recognized as those of an outsider. It was impossible to reconcile a David or Ulysses, a Lancelot or an Anthony with our conception of the real hero, *sans peur et sans reproche*. It formed an early problem, one of the first refusals to accept the spirit of compromise on which the judgments of maturity are too largely founded. Recently it has been the fashion to whitewash these dark streaks in the characters of the famous; to find excuses, palliations on the score of race and tradition and environment, or of a grandeur which raises their vices above the level of the virtues of the common herd; nevertheless, behind the whitewash the unheroic stains remain dark and immovable.

However, they were rarely those of physical cowardice. Fear, the dread of pain, of solitude, of hardship to body, of hunger and cold, appears to be one of the penalties attached to the refinements of a luxurious civilization. To banish it, men have filled their lives with softness, with luxurious trivialities, with excitements that leave no room for the sensation of loneliness, with anesthetics that dull the approach of pain, with a thousand diversions that drive away the possibility of the intrusion of the grisly phantom lurking in the background. But beneath all the artificiality of these elaborate precautions its presence was always

felt—it looked into haunted eyes, it reared itself in the midst of the most gilded and glittering assemblies; it supplied that note of tragedy in the music and the literature of the last days of the time of gaiety before the war, with which we were all familiar. Sometimes men asked themselves, or in moments of intimacy their chosen friends, what was this note which permeated everything, to which they could give no name. Since they have been face to face with tragedy, with the reality which has swept away all vain pretences, they have recognized it for what it was. It was the note of Fear—fear of the unknown.

Men thought that these things—hunger, pain, and the like, were terrible. In their ignorance they feared them and filled their lives with antidotes, how successfully they alone know. The war brought them face to face with all that they had dreaded; cold, and hunger, pain and danger, and the constant proximity of death. In their presence the phantom fled. These things were realities, could be fought and grappled with and overcome. They learned the truth that it is only the unknown which can inspire the sensation of fear. Men who have been under fire, in the trenches, or in the open, with shells falling all around them and men stricken on all sides, will tell you that they had no fear as long as they could fight and bear their part in the struggle. But when wounded, lying powerless and helpless on the field, the enemy descended on them, fear of the unknown, of German brutality, of the long hours of waiting torture, of what fate had in store for them, has wrung groans from hearts that no pain could influence; each sound, each movement contained a menace for which they had no name, no reason, but which was full of unutterable horror, and for which there was no relief but merciful unconscious-

ness or removal into the zone of peace and safety.

This is a parable of life. The spirit which is whole has no room for the suffering of fear. It can meet life and do battle with it cheerfully; work and friendship and the daily round of events fill it to the exclusion of all phantoms; it is a joy to overcome obstacles, to right mistakes and to endure hardships in the hope of better days to come. But the spirit which is wounded, with love betrayed and self-respect broken, which has been pierced by the cruel darts of evil fortune, is in another case. To it all things are full of the possibility of an unknown terror. It is dragged down from the kingdom of light into a place of great darkness, where horror and despair crouch, prepared to spring, and in which there is no ray of light.

That is why men dread Fear. It paralyzes all the virtues. It is the only form of suffering in which no good is hidden. Unconquered, it is the precursor of the death of the soul. Judas knew fear, and went and hanged himself. No coward has a place in the kingdom of heaven. Sorrow is ennobling—it is often the gateway to blessed visions; it is the passport to

*The Academy.*

sympathy, it gives and receives that most healing virtue: fear is a corroding instinct, suffering alone and in darkness.

Loss is painful, it requires a readjustment of the perspective of life, but it is purifying; like pain, it is a beneficent arrangement of Nature whereby greater harm is averted; it purges the dross of selfishness, of the canker which attaches to great possessions divorced from the ideal. Fear contains greater pain than all of these and is without their compensations. For they, and they alone, are the weapons by which the phantom is conquered. By their aid we learn that it is a trick of the devil, a disorder of the sick imagination, a stage dragon to be trampled under foot; that outside ourselves it has no existence.

To the little child darkness has a corporate existence; it is not that which we know it to be, the absence of light. When afraid he will exclaim—"Let out the darkness." The man who is afraid reverses truth, and can only cast out the phantom by flooding the corners of his spirit with that light which is in reality within him, ready to drive out and make nonexistent the darkness that he fears.

---

## ARRAYING THE NATION.

We congratulate the National Government upon having taken the first and most essential step for arraying the nation, not merely for the fighting line, but, what is equally important, for the better provision of all munitions of war, from shells to bicycle tires. We have got to make a supreme effort not only in the field but in the factory. It is therefore of the utmost importance that we should not be tumbling over each other in a panic scam-

ble, but that every man and every woman in the country should be set to do the work which he or she is most capable of doing, and to doing it with the least possible amount of waste. "Here am I, send me—to do the thing which will make me most useful to the nation." That is the text upon which we all want to act. But before the Government can make sure that we are one and all doing the right thing in the right way they must get

the necessary information. They must find out the answers to the two vital questions: "What are you doing now? and what could you do if it were decided that your present work is not necessary?"

Therefore the Government are going to array the nation, as our ancestors called it; or, as we call it now, create a National Register in which every person from fifteen to sixty-five, man and woman, will state:—

- (1) Name and address.
- (2) Age.
- (3) Condition—single, married, or widowed.
- (4) Number of children (if any).
- (5) Trade or occupation (if any).
- (6) Name of employer (if any), and nature of business.

After this the registered person will have to say "whether he is skilled in and able and willing to perform any work other than the work (if any) at which he is at the time employed, and, if so, the nature thereof; and such other particulars as may be prescribed." After the return of a form, the signatory shall be supplied with "a certificate of registration, which shall be signed and preserved by him." Members of his Majesty's naval and military forces are not required to register. Military service, we are told, is one of the answers which may be given to the last question by men who are willing to enlist.

We cannot on the present occasion go into the details of the way in which the enumeration is to be made. Suffice it to say that three days will be allowed for filling up the forms, which will be left at the door of each householder's house and called for after the lapse of the period named. Every person, man and woman, who is over twenty-one will be personally responsible for filling up his or her paper. Minors—that is, persons from fifteen to twenty-one—will also get forms,

but the father or other householder will be responsible for seeing that they fill them up. The enumerators will give help in filling up the forms. There will be a penalty of £5 for failure to answer the questions, and £1 will be added for each day's delay or for answering the questions wrongly. The Bill introduced by Mr. Long renders it the duty of the local authorities—the Borough Councils, Urban District Councils, and Rural District Councils are the areas concerned—to make the necessary arrangements for taking the National Register each in its own locality. They will nominate local staffs, such as school teachers and similar semi-official persons. Here we may make a practical suggestion. Why should not the special constables be employed in taking round forms? They are now recognized throughout the country as officials, and there would be no fear of any one pretending not to recognize their authority, or saying that they have no right to leave papers at the door, and so forth. We may add that for the purpose of the Register we do not see why a great many women should not be sworn as temporary special constables to assist the existing staff, and should not wear the special constable's brassard. No doubt not a very great number would be available, for it is a popular delusion to suppose that there are any large masses of women unemployed. In the great centres there are some, but the majority of women in the country are always busy at absolutely essential work—preparing the food of the nation, making its beds and cleaning its rooms, looking after the children and the sick, and generally keeping the household and the family in order. This work does not leave many odd hours for the majority of women. When the forms have been got in they will of course have to be tabulated and indexed, and

this process, it is believed, will take some two months.

It is obvious that the National Register is only a piece of machinery. It is a means and not an end in itself. In our opinion, it will ultimately be used to provide that compulsion without which the nation will find it impossible to get through the war with a due respect to justice and efficiency, just as did the United States in the Civil War. The voluntary system has no doubt certain advantages, but under a great strain it becomes the refuge of the slacker—of the lazy man, the selfish man, and the cowardly man. It is a system which reserves all the blows for the willing horse, and allows the unwilling to trot along in cynical security. But though this is our view, and we should not be candid if we did not set it forth, there is no reason *per se* why the advocate of the voluntary system should be against a National Register. Indeed, if he really believes that the voluntary method will get us all we want, as he professes to do, and that it is really the most just and efficient plan, then the National Register will greatly help him to adjust the system, and to make sure that the men who are best adapted for fighting go into the firing line, and the men whose talent lies in making munitions remain at home. The National Register, as we said some months ago, will "make the voluntary system last out as long as possible," will, in effect, give it the best chance of seeing us through the war. For example, it is conceivable that the National Register will show that so large a number of men have already gone to the war, and so many are wanted at home, that the number available for military service is not large enough to justify recourse to compulsion. It may, in a word, show that we are already doing our best. Again, the effect of it may conceivably be so greatly to stimulate

voluntary effort that it would be unreasonable to alter our system, even though that system may from many points of view be an imperfect one. There is undoubtedly a good deal of feeling amongst many men that they would rather go voluntarily than be compelled, and when they see the foundations laid upon which a system of compulsion can be based they will get just the push over the line which they require. Further, they have begun to realize, if they are wise, that if compulsion should come it will come in the nature of a tax. Those who are compelled cannot possibly expect, either for themselves or their dependants, the same pecuniary terms which are rightly given to volunteers. No one, of course, suggests that if we have recourse to compulsion our soldiers will not be thoroughly well clothed, housed, and equipped, or, again, that their dependants will be left to starve. What, however, is certain is that if we have compulsion, the man thus taken will be in the position of the French soldier, who, though well fed, is not given the generous pocket-money of 1s. 2d., or very often 1s. 6d., a day, as is the British soldier.

We have now a suggestion to make for increasing the utility of the Register. As soon as it is established we would issue to all men who are engaged in what the Government deem to be essential home work—that is, the manufacture of munitions, railway work, Imperial and local administration work, and so forth—notices stating that the men to whom they are given are not eligible for enlistment without obtaining the special leave of the authorities. Again, a similar paper should be given to all men who have already attempted to enlist and been rejected on medical grounds, or because they do not come up to the standard. The recipients of these



notices, and also all men over forty years of age and under nineteen, should be ticked off on the Register as non-eligibles. The result of this would be to show us exactly how many men there are in each registered area—*i.e.*, the borough or urban or rural district—who are in a position to join the colors. The next step would be for the military authorities to make an estimate as to how many more men they require. Say they calculate that they want another million men, and say that it is found that when all deductions are made there are three million men of military age available—that is, who are not being used for other necessary purposes. In that case, a third of the eligible men in each area would be the quota for that area. If the quota could be obtained voluntarily in, say, three months, then that area would be marked off as having done its duty and be free from further drafting. On the other hand, if at the end of the three months it were found that the particular district was short of its quota by, say, ten thousand or twenty thousand men, or whatever it might be, then it would be necessary to hold a ballot in order to obtain that extra number of men. If this suggestion is thought out, it will be seen that it does, as we have said above, give every chance to the voluntary system. If the quotas are made up voluntarily, well and good. If they are not, then the men must draw lots to decide who is to go, it being understood, however, that the men thus

*The Spectator.*

taken by lot will not be given the generous terms now given to volunteers.

Before we leave the subject of the Register we should like once more to point out that in this registering, arraying, or mustering of the nation we are doing nothing new. We are only reverting to the system of our ancestors. People sometimes talk as if the great arraying of the nation, say, for example, before the Armada, was merely a military system of impressment of men for the fighting line. That is a complete mistake. Tudor and Elizabethan Commissioners of Array when compiling their Registers made minute inquiries as to the men capable of producing munitions of war. In the later musters especially we find munition-makers fully represented under the headings of smiths, laborers and pioneers, wheelwrights and carpenters. Again, in a set of memoranda or instructions issued by one of the Commissions of Array, we find almost as much attention paid to the armor and furniture as to the men. The Commissions, we may note, were not without a very modern side to their work. For example, the Commission of Array in 1588, just before the Armada, show that a panicky Press, then as now, was a cause of trouble. They were obliged to set up a kind of primitive Press Bureau. They laid it down "that a Provost Marshal be appointed for the punyshinge of Roges vacabondes and Spreders of Newes and to be assisted by the Justices of peace and their officers."

---

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

---

To trace the course of philosophic thought from Plato and his predecessors to Kant and his successors in a volume of 250 modest pages is a task

of no small magnitude, yet Clement C. J. Webb, who contributes "A History of Philosophy" to the Home University Library (Henry Holt & Co.) has

achieved it; and that with such clearness that readers who do not ordinarily greatly concern themselves with philosophy will find its perusal a delight, if they will undertake it. The book is a valuable addition to a varied and valuable series.

Under the title "Prescriptions: To be taken immediately—To be taken for life"—a title not without flavor, Edith Motter Lamb has selected and grouped some of the wisest and most pungent bits of counsel contained in Dr. Richard C. Cabot's "What Men Live By." They are arranged appropriately under the four headings—Work, Play, Love and Worship—which Dr. Cabot describes as the forces which men live by; and it is needless to say that they are wise, suggestive and stimulating. Houghton Mifflin Co.

So far as the difficult art of public speaking is capable of being acquired through manuals of instruction, it should be greatly assisted, at least, by such a work as Grenville Kleiser's "A Complete Guide to Public Speaking" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) which brings together, in a single volume, the teaching and experience of the world's greatest orators, from Cicero and Demosthenes to Beecher and Gladstone and Spurgeon and Phillips Brooks. The book is accurately described as encyclopedic, for it contains more than six hundred large octavo pages, and its selections are presented in true encyclopedic form, numbered and alphabetically arranged. It represents the fruit of long experience and wide study and observation, and should be of use to every sort of public speaker, from the pulpit orator to the political campaign hustler or after-dinner speaker.

Boy readers who enjoy stories of adventure, and there are few who do

not, will follow with keen interest Harrison Adams's story of "The Pioneer Boys of the Yellowstone," the latest volume in the Young Pioneer Series. This takes up the tale of the two pioneer lads who, in the preceding volume of the series, were left in the winter camp of the Lewis and Clark exploring party, after their adventures in the country of the Sioux along the Missouri, and describes the unexpected and exciting things which befell them among the Indians of the Northwest, in what is now the Yellowstone Park, through which tourists speed in automobiles, but which then was a little-known region, full of perils. There are a half dozen full page illustrations by Walter S. Rogers. The Page Co., who publish Mr. Adams's story, add to their Little Cousins of Long Ago series "Our Little Macedonian Cousin of Long Ago" by Julia Darrow Cowles, with illustrations by John Goss, a slender book which essays to portray the life of a boy attached to the court of Philip of Macedon.

Dr. Francis Greenwood Peabody, author of "The Christian Life in the Modern World" (The Macmillan Co.) is no pessimist, and he is equally far from being an unthinking optimist. He fully realizes the perils which menace the modern family, the unscrupulousness of present-day business methods, the corruption of politics, and the difficulty which attends the maintenance of any kind of ideals amid conditions so selfish and so sordid; but, so far from conceding that it is impracticable to live the Christian life in such a world, he has a clear vision of the means which make it possible. With keen insight and a sympathetic purpose, and in words earnest and eloquent but carefully-measured, he shows how the Christian life may relate itself to the family, to the business world, to the making and use of

money, to the modern State, and to the organized Christian church. He has a rare gift in the exact use of words, and there are passages in the book—notably the closing pages of the chapter on the Modern Family—which are singularly beautiful, but construction and expression, perfect as these are, are secondary to the controlling purpose—the defining, inspiring and strengthening true Christian living under modern conditions.

Fenton Johnson's "Visions of the Dusk," published by the author at 130 West 134th Street, New York, deserves attention as the verse of a young negro poet who, whether he writes in conventional English or in negro dialect, combines simplicity and genuineness with unusual lyric gifts. Of the sixty or more bits of verse which make up the slender volume, the best and most characteristic are those in negro dialect, of which "Kin you tell me?" which follows, is a good example:

Sukey Jane, you sho' is gittin' wise,  
Gwine tuh school, an' usin' bofe yo' eyes,

You know mo' dan Brudder Gabrul knows,

You kin tell de whyness ob de rose,  
You kin figger out de gleamin' stahs,  
An' go talkin' 'bout yo' flamin' Mahs.  
But, mah honey, listen!—listen close!  
Kin you tell me whaih de ol' moon goes

W'en de daytahm thoo' de valley glows?

Sukey Jane, you knows mos' evahthing,  
Jes' why robin sings his bes' in Spring,  
You kin tell de why ob day an' night,  
An' jes' why de bu'ds dey mak' dail flight,

You kin read de books ob long ago,  
But, mah honey, listen!—listen close!  
Kin you tell me whaih dey keeps de rose

W'en de wintuh thoo' de valley blows?

The Statesman's Year-Book for 1915 makes its appearance with very little

delay, in spite of all the confusion and changes incident to the great war. The editor, Dr. J. Scott Keltie, and his assistant, Mr. M. Epstein have made every possible effort to secure fulness and accuracy of information regarding all the countries of the world; and, although circumstances have made it impossible to obtain the usual official revision of the chapters relating to Germany and Austria-Hungary, and Belgium and Serbia have both been completely disorganized, these difficulties have been so far surmounted that the volume takes its place with its predecessors in the series as at once the fullest, most up-to-date, and most authoritative statistical and historical Annual of the states of the world. The pages devoted to Turkey have been enlarged and improved; and those relating to China, Greece, Spain and the Panama Canal Zone have been revised and largely rewritten. The Introductory Tables present a large amount of statistical information regarding British resources, products and trade, the world's ship-building, navies, finance and commerce, the text of various treaties, a summary of the principal events of the present great war and a list of books in different languages relating to it; and fifteen or twenty pages of "Additions and Corrections" bring the record down to the very date of publication. In this volume, as in several of its predecessors, the United States is given the leading place next to Great Britain, and the facts and statistics relating to this country, covering not only national interests but each State in detail, fill more than two hundred pages. There are four maps of more than ordinary interest: one an ethnographical sketch map of Central Europe, another showing the expansion of Prussia, a third which presents the history of Poland, and a fourth exhibiting the status of the World Colonial Powers. The Macmillan Co.